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No. 37093

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

That Letter

THE letter handed over by the Soviet Embassy in London to the Foreign Office, allegedly written by an American airman, and threatening to drop an atomic bomb off the British coast, is thought by some to be a student hoax, by others a Soviet fabrication, but the manner in which it was released will convince most people that "Russia" only motive was to force a wedge in Anglo-American relations.

There have been a number of complaints recently — notably by Labour Party spokesmen — of American bombers flying over Britain carrying atom bombs. There have been scares in America where on one occasion a plane carrying an atom bomb crashed, without detonating it. The Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan has made statements on this subject in the House of Commons stressing that bombs carried in training flights are not "armed," but still fear of an accident persists.

It is not an unreasonable fear, but it would be wrong to suggest there is any widespread alarm. Most agree that the bombs must be carried in training flights provided safeguards are adequate, and official assurances already given suggest that they are.

SOVIET propaganda, however, has found in this controversy opportunity for mischief and as yesterday's China Mail reported several nongovernmental documents have been distributed by the Russians in recent months in an attempt to discredit the United States with its allies. The anonymous American airman's letter seems to be another of these.

To suggest that the letter is a hoax perpetrated by students discredits the ingenuity of British youth. The threat was ingenious, to say the least, and if the letter was sent by someone not connected with the Soviet Embassy, it was probably inspired by the Russians themselves.

It is tempting to think of it as the work of a moron but this would suggest that the Russians had been duped by a fool. The letter was in fact held by the Embassy for a number of days, photographed, and a copy sent to the Foreign Office. A Press release followed soon after. By appearing to take the threat seriously, and by breaking the news themselves, the Russians leave us in little doubt about its origin.

Lambeth Conference 'Invaded'

Empire Loyalists Demonstrate Against Makarios

London, July 4.

Members of the League of Empire Loyalists startled more than 300 archbishops and bishops by demonstrating against Archbishop Makarios in the first full session today of the Lambeth Conference.

The League, an extreme right-wing body, made three separate demonstrations at this gathering of prelates of the Anglican communion from all over the world.

First, two bearded League members, disguised as bishops, spoke against the Greek Cypriot Archbishop from the body of the conference in Lambeth Palace. They protested against the invitation to Archbishop Makarios to attend the conference (which the leader of the "Union with Greece" movement declined).

Invited

When they had left the meeting the press were invited to take photographs of the conference and two "press representatives" turned out to be members of the League.

One of these was a pretty fashion model, July Mosen, who also made a speech against Archbishop Makarios.

When the distinguished clergymen had recovered from these two shocks the League's portable loudspeaker went into action—from the battlements of the grey 13th century palace. Later, the four members of the League who took part in the protest described their "assignment" to reporters.

He declared: "I am a Christian and I should wear a cross if he (Makarios) can condone murder and terrorism with a cross."

No Protest

"I think no one is going to protest about that."

Mr. Brooks spoke of the bishops' reaction to his protest. "They seemed to listen attentively," he said. "We hope that within the Lambeth conference, they will denounce Makarios and that when statements on the conference are issued they will contain something to this effect."

"We sat down and waited and then at a moment when the conference was about to start I thought it was right to make the speech. I stood up and said it."

Begin reading
Today
**OUR TWO BIG
SERIALS**
On P. 17 The Red
Johnstone Story
On P. 8 Ian Fleming's
Doctor No

Survivors Of Globemaster Picked Up

Honolulu, July 4.

A US Navy helicopter today picked up three survivors on a four-engine US Air Force Globemaster that went down in the Pacific between Hawaii and Johnston Island with nine men aboard.

The men had been sighted by an US Air Force search plane. The helicopter, one of four searching from the aircraft carrier USS Boxer, plucked the men from the sea and flew them back to the carrier. The Do-10 C-124, a double-decked cargo plane, disappeared today between Hawaii and Johnston Island, 780 miles to the southwest. The men were found 185 miles from Johnston.

GOOD CONDITION

The Air Force search plane said the men were clinging to a box when sighted. They climbed into the raft and "appeared to be in pretty good condition."

There was debris in the water "that could be part of a submerged aircraft," the search plane said.

It said there were several other men in the area but observers were not certain if there were men in them.—U.P.I.

Limit Cancer

London, July 4.

Dr. C. H. C. Toussaint, told the conference of Commonwealth physicians here today that the only way to limit cancer of the lung was to stop smoking cigarettes.

Toussaint said that the stupidity and disbelief of the general public was hindering the prevention of this disease, and added that as a matter of fact the Government should take action, even though it might mean depriving the Treasury of more than £200,000,000 a year, more than the cost of the whole National Health Service.—France-Press.

Strike

Buenos Aires, July 4.

Altogether 9,000 "Democrat" doctors went on an unlimited strike here today to protest against the appointment of a Peronist doctor as director of Buenos Aires municipal Clinic. The previous holder of the post was sacked to give the Peronist the job.

Skeleton staffs in hospitals are dealing with urgent cases.—France-Press.

LANCASHIRE CHARGES 'UNWORTHY' SAYS ECONOMIST

London, July 4.

The Economist today said of the current cotton crisis in Britain: "If Lancashire is knocked-out, it will not be by the Hongkong midget."

The Independent weekly review expressed this view after quoting Labour MP Mr. Harold Wilson's figures in the House of Commons cotton debate this week that Lancashire has 27,000,000 spindles and Hongkong 300,000; and saying that Lancashire claimed 207,000 looms against Hongkong's 10,000 working three shifts.

"In the new Hongkong mills," the Economist said, "conditions of employment are good by Eastern standards, but as speakers (in the debate) on both sides were quick to point out there are some mills where the work is longer and the pay less."

Trade Balance

"In total Hongkong is one of the few countries with which the United Kingdom has a persistently favourable trade balance."

"Using the Hongkong figures (and therefore reversing the c.i.f.-f.o.b. difference) Hongkong took British goods to the value of £42 million last year, and sent to this country goods worth £21 million."

"That is the argument that the Lancashire protectionists would like to upset. If they did so, they would upset something else as well—moral values."

The Economist said that "gallantly" and with machinery drawn from Britain as well as American and Japan, Hongkong had managed to absorb refugees amounting to between a third and a half of its total numbers."

Little Window
"Britain's brave little window on Communist Asia, the review added, 'would normally be filled with a trading rather than a manufacturing community.'"

The home government (and still more the Americans) by cutting down trade with China forced them to choose otherwise and they have become inconvenient to a major British industry."

At its lowest, the dropping down of Hongkong's 300,000 spindles would not check for more than a few months a decline in the Lancashire cotton industry that began long before the Hongkong industry was thought of.

"The implied charge against Hongkong is unworthy." A renewed call for immediate action by the United Kingdom Government to deal with the problem of cotton cloth shipment from Hongkong was made.

FRENCH ARMY BEHIND GOVERNMENT

Paris, July 4.

French Premier Charles de Gaulle and the three Ministers who accompanied him on his three-day inspection trip of Algeria today told the cabinet that the Army was completely disciplined and united behind the Government.

De Gaulle and the Ministers said they had received a very favourable impression from their contact with the Moslem masses. "The military situation could be considered satisfactory," they added.

After the cabinet meeting this afternoon, a Government spokesman stressed, De Gaulle's desire to pursue the economic and social development of Algeria.

The entire nation must back this development with all the means at its disposal, the spokesman said.—France-Press.

May Visit Peking

Ottawa, July 4.

Canada's Trade Minister, Mr. Gordon Churchill, may visit Peking next autumn in an attempt to work out a trade agreement with China, the Canadian Press reported it had learned today.

The agency said Mr. Churchill was known to be pressing hard to building up trade with the Chinese mainland which this year had been buying large amounts of Canadian wheat.—Reuter.

MACMILLAN SUGGESTS TRIPARTITE TALKS ON CYPRUS PLAN

London, July 4.

British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, in practically identical letters sent last June 10 to the Prime Minister of Greece and Turkey, suggested informal tripartite talks on the British Cyprus plan "at an intermediate point like Rome or Geneva," it was disclosed today.

Macmillan asked the Turkish Premier, Adnan Menderes and Greek Premier, Constantinos Karamanlis to give "favourable consideration to the Cyprus plan in the spirit of the alliance and traditional friendship uniting our two countries."

Groat Trouble

The letters, released today by the Foreign Office, said: "Your Excellency may regard this as a bold and novel initiative. But circumstances are grave and I feel a great responsibility to leave nothing undone which could bring about the healing of this wound, for if it is left open, it will bring us all into great trouble."

Macmillan added: "I do not need to remind you of the gravity of the present situation, nor of the dangers which now threaten the NATO alliance. In my view, the dangers which threaten us have been increased because of the unhappy divisions over Cyprus."

"If it not now possible to bring to an end this dispute which has disturbed our unity and to make Cyprus not an island of controversy between allies but a land where we can demonstrate to the NATO alliance and to the world what friendly co-operation and partnership can achieve?"—France-Press.

Khrushchev Renews Anti-Tito Attacks

Moscow, July 4.

Premier Nikita Khrushchev attacked Marshal Tito again today and swore to continue the "consistent and principled struggle" against the Yugoslav leader.

Khrushchev spoke in the presence of visiting Czechoslovak President Antonin Novotny at a mass meeting organised in Leningrad Kirov engineering plant.

ALL EFFORTS
He told the Leningrad workers that the Communist and workers parties presented a determined front to all efforts "to undermine Leningrad unity and weaken the forces of real Socialism."

"It is regrettable that the unseemly role of the divider has been assumed by the leaders on the League of Communists of Yugoslavia," he said.

The Soviet Premier pointed out that the Soviet Communist Party and "other fraternal parties" had firmly told the Yugoslav leaders that they "had chosen a dangerous path of revision."

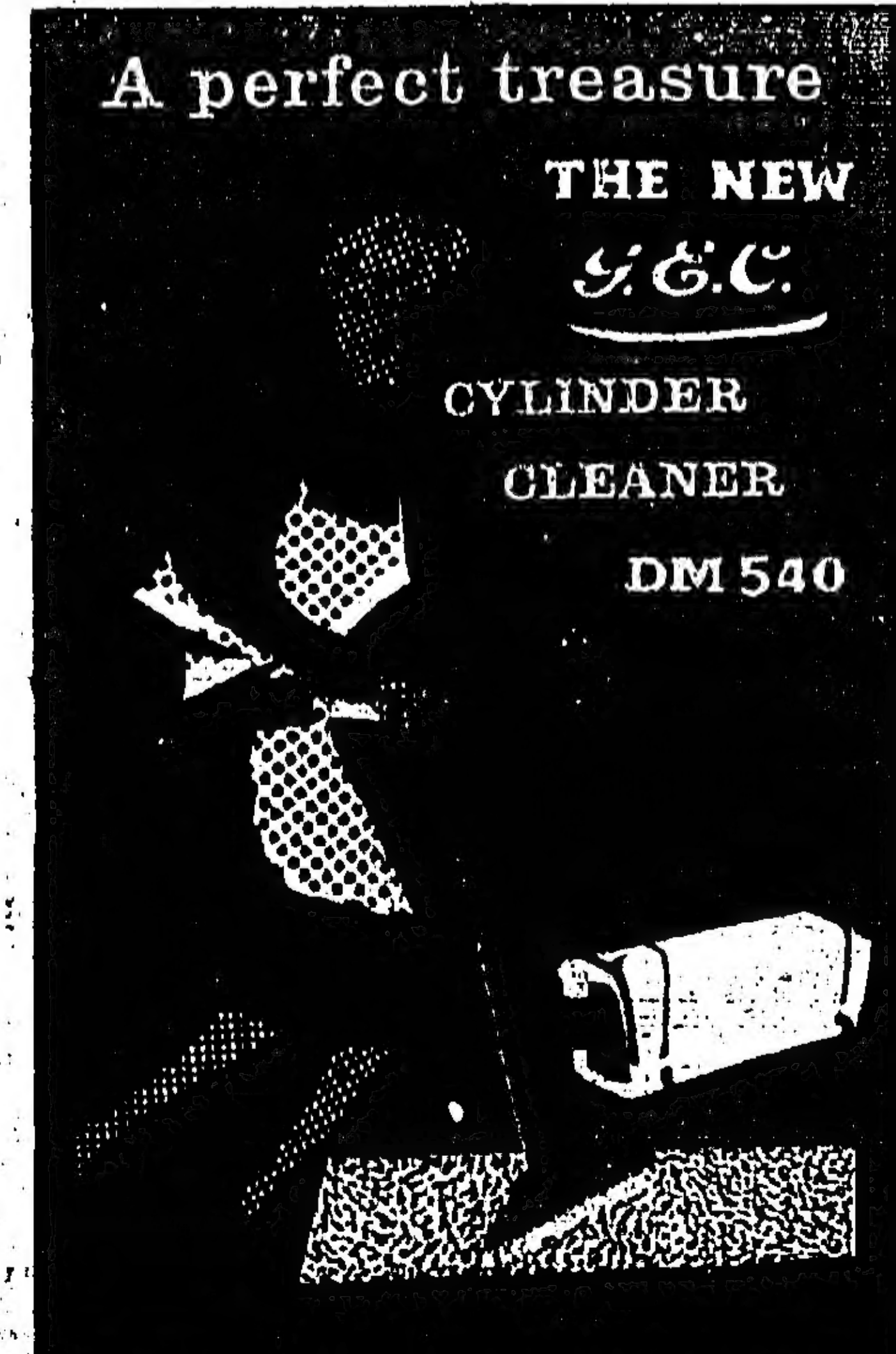
"Nobody," he said, "has waged or intends to wage a campaign against Yugoslavia and its people."

"But we have been waging, and will continue to wage, a consistent and principled struggle against any persons or groups, who on the pretext of developing the theory and practice of scientific socialism, preach anti-Marxist and revisionist views."—U.P.I.

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Man Sets Out To Cross Atlantic In Plywood Boat

Sydney, July 4.

BERT SMITH, 33, of Toronto set out on his solo trip across the Atlantic today in a home-made plywood boat.

Smith set sail from North Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia shortly after 7 a.m.

amid shouting and car horn blowing from a small group of well-wishers.

Smith, a light metals worker, hoped to break the record as the smallest craft to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

His Orinda Two is a 12-foot plywood boat he used in his first voyage, and has five watertight compartments, one of which is

his living quarters. Two hollow aluminium masts, open at the top, provide fresh air when the hatch is battered down during rough weather.

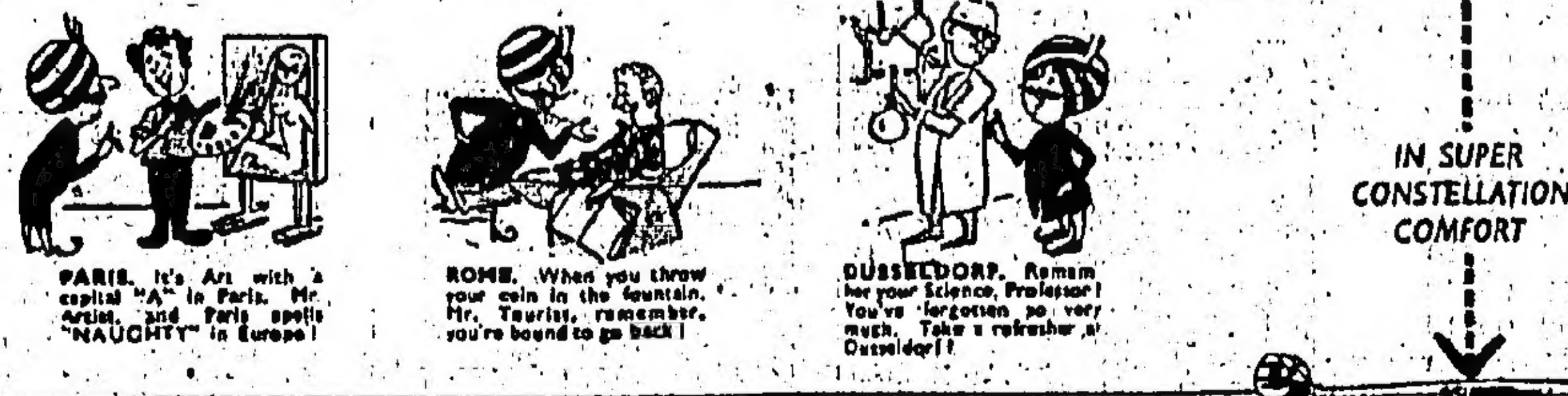
This is the second crossing for Smith. In 1956, he and a companion made the crossing to England in Orinda a 26-foot ketch.

The sailing date was originally

set for Wednesday, but the boat had to be re-assembled after being shipped from Toronto and departure was delayed until today.

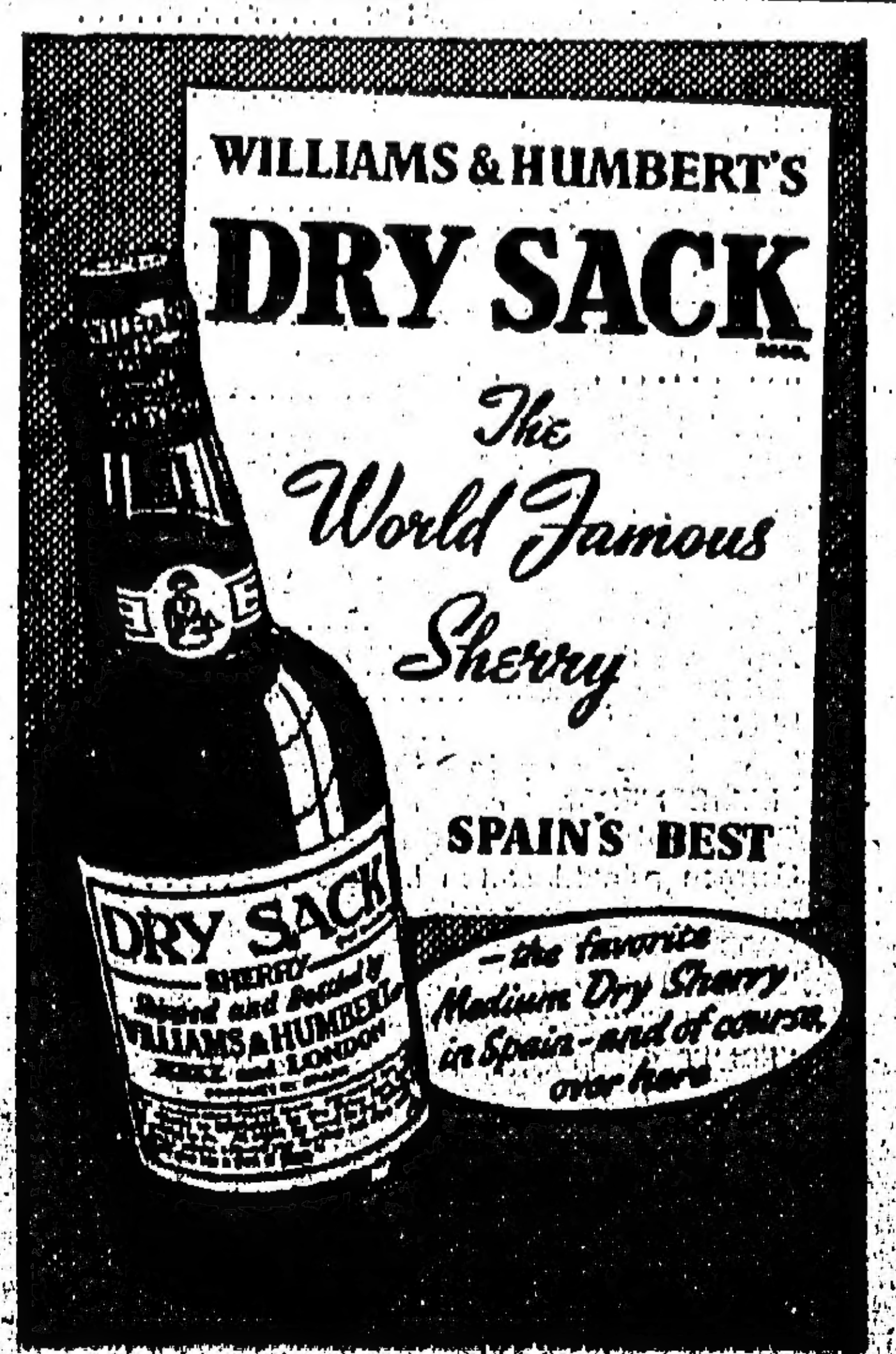
If the little boat, only a few feet above the waterline, strikes good sailing weather, Smith hopes to reach Dartmouth, England, by the first week in September.—U.P.I.

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MEN and WOLVES

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A Franco-Italian Production in
CINEMASCOPE and EASTMANCOLOR
English Dialogue

KING'S

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SPECIAL MATINEES

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M presents

"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons

At 12.15 p.m. M-G-M presents

Robert Taylor — Kay Kendall
in "QUENTIN DURWARD"

in Cinemascope & Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MATINEES

TO-DAY AT 12.30 P.M. U.A. present

Charlie Chaplin in

"GOLD RUSH"

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Columbia's

THE 3 STOOGES & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

VARIETY PROGRAMME

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Paramount's

Dean Martin — Jerry Lewis — Donna Reed

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GENTS

	BEFORE	NOW
Stretch Nylon socks (German make)	\$ 5.50	\$ 2.90 (a pr.)
"BOSTON" stretch belt	8.50	5.50 (a pr.)
Swiss, German, English ties	10.50	5.90 (a pc.)
Dacron/Nylon suiting 5 different shades	87.00	42.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Dacron/Nylon/Orlon suiting	94.50	49.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Dacron/Wool suiting 55% Dacron, 45% wool	106.50	59.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Italian Silk/Worsted suittings in different shades	156.50	81.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
"ARROW" Coloured shirts	27.50	14.50 (each)
"AERTEX" sports shirt	23.50	12.50 (each)
"ARROW" sports shirts	27.50	14.50 (each)
"MCGREGOR" sports shirts	29.50	13.50 (each)
"SHIRTCRAFT" sports shirts	19.50	11.50 (each)
"AIRMAN" knitted shirts	19.50	12.80 (each)
"VAN HEUSEN" dress shirts	36.00	18.50 (each)
"B.V.D." Dacron/Cotton sports shirts	24.00	15.50 (each)

LADIES

	BEFORE	NOW
DE LUXE silk finish all wool gaberdine	42.00 yd.	19.50 (a yd.)
American Printed cotton	7.50 yd.	4.50 (a yd.)
American Printed cotton skirts, 40" different patterns	38.00	27.50 (each)
"JANTZEN" T-shirts	23.50	14.50 (each)
Nylon lace blouses in different colours	16.50	10.50 (each)
"MAIDENFORM" cotton bras	12.00	8.90 (each)
Stretch nylon panties, 10 different colours	5.50 pair	10.00 for 3 pairs
German printed cotton blouses	24.50	12.80 (each)
German Cam-Can polka dots	24.00	16.50 (each)
"WOVENTEX" 100% nylon jumpers	27.00	14.50 (each)
"JANTZEN" cotton shorts	18.00	12.30 (each)
"COLDNIT" Swiss woolen jumpers	38.00	22.00 (each)
"FRUIT OF LOOM" Panties, 4 colours	4.50	2.50 (each)

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FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

THE Gypsy and the Gentleman playing at the Lee and Astor is a fascinating film of the lusty Regency era, very well cast, and presented by Rank Organisation.

The Gypsy, Belle of the flashing eyes and raven locks, is played with gusto by Greek actress Melina Mercouri. She outmatches in temperance, but not in acting prowess the gentleman Sir Paul Deverill, as portrayed by Keith Michell.

The rugged gypsy lover is the strongest character of all. Cold and crafty Patrick McGowan is the man who pulls the strings and cares for no one but himself.

The Dredon pretenses of Deverill's sister Sarah, a complete contrast to the turbulent types around her. June Laverick plays this role with delicate charm and quiet strength.

Set in the days of the Prince Regent in England and featuring the exploits of rich young bloods out for almost any kind of sport and conquest, the story is focussed upon a handsome gambler who would gamble away fortunes at the turn of a card.

Deverill is betrothed to the attractive daughter of a powerful country squire. He admits he does not love her, but she is infatuated with his charm and arrogance.

An incident at a country fair when Deverill loses his purse to the nimble fingers of a gypsy pickpocket in the first shadow on his path. Belle is caught and about to be ducked by the villagers until Deverill orders her release and throws back to her the reclaimed purse.

The gypsy lover, Jess, shrewdly calculating the impact of this meeting pushes Belle into the baronet's path during a storm and she enters into an unconventional alliance in the stately mansion, blithely shocking the servants and vaunting her power in bringing back plunder to buy more horses for Jess.

A wealthy and aged aunt wishes to protect Sarah's future from the hands of her improvident nephew and leaves a

will which will make the girl mistress of the Deverill estates. During a systematic draining of Deverill's resources Belle makes herself mistress of the house as Lady Deverill, then plans to secure the inheritance left to Sarah so that she may pour more gold and gifts into the hands of her greedy gypsy lover.

Under the terms of the bequest Sarah must marry before she is 21, but she is told that the conditions are the reverse. When rival gypsies ransack the mansion, Sarah sees the copy of the will, and she is then imprisoned in a tiny room which a former Deverill had erected as a nummernhouse across the lake.

The searching by Sarah's fiancé, Lyndon Brook, and the active intervention of a famous London actress, played by our incomparable Flora Robson, after Sarah's escape and flight to London build up situations culminating in a dramatic climax.

The screenplay written by Janet Green is based upon the novel "Darkness I leave you" by Nina Warner Hooker. The viewer's interest in the brilliant period costume film in Eastman Colour is sustained throughout.

THE down-to-earth and sometimes shocking realism of "The Bachelor Party" has to be seen to be believed. This gripping film presented by Hecht, Hill and Lancaster (the men who made Marty) can be seen at the Star and Metropole.

The impact is so great that the average viewer will leave the theatre still feeling alone and concerned that they are gagged by the sense of having been involved in the film.

Don Murray, as Charlie Samson plays the part of a quiet young fellow, newly-wedded and living in an ordinary flat with a nice young wife who is about to have a baby before they can afford one.

He works in an ordinary office, studies hard at night, and is invited to join in the bachelor party being given for one of his fellow bookkeepers, shortly to be married. There is the usual hemming and hawing. He doesn't want to go (he says), but he says he would get out for a change. And so on.

He goes. With Eddie, the noisy organizer who has no home ties, Kenneth, who knows when to go home, Walter, who is apologetic towards life and Arnold, the groom to be.

The party starts in a nice bright bar, drinks are poured freely and spirits run high. Presentations are made, absurd things first like miniature hot water bottles and a baby's feeding bottle filled with whisky. Horse play follows, then a serious sentimental scene for the wedding gifts to be received and unwrapped. (They disappeared during the evening and I did wonder what happened to them until I began to doubt whether any of the party would reach home again.)

A pub crawl gets under way and the carousal becomes almost hysterical. Money runs out and Charlie gets more from his wife, who is hearing grim stories from her sister-in-law about her matrimonial grievances. There is an argument and Charlie rescues the situation.

A sentimental party is quite crushed. Polite indifference then warmer approaches are made by disillusioned intellectual Carolyn Jones playing the Greenwich Village street pick-up.

The descent to the lower end of town and subsequent demoralization of the party remnants brings the so-called spree to the sordid level which Charlie and Arnold even in their drunkenness abhor. The depths of degradation yawning before them act as a cold shock and sleep are refused with hunting.

Not a nice film. Perhaps one that had to be made.

A fine British comedy "The Admiral Crichton" at the King's and Princess commenced on Wednesday and closed on Friday.

On Wednesday afternoon gales of mirth were heard from an audience enjoying Kenneth More's "Crichton," the dry humour of Cecil Parker as the broad-minded earl, and the disarming beauty of Sally Ann Howes and Diane Cilento in shell-spangled Bickins.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick." Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi and Guy Parker setting in John O'Hara's best-selling story about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate and in his family's diverse problems. 20th Century Fox film directed by Philip Danne and produced by Charles Brackett.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Gypsy and the Gentleman." Rank Organisation. In Eastman Colour. Melina Mercouri, new Greek actress, makes a memorable debut with Keith Michell and Flora Robson in a colourful Regency film. The story is of a nobleman who loses purses and heart to a pickpocket who enchants him while she plans to plunder. Music by the Philharmonia Orchestra. Made at Pinewood Studios.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Gypsy and the Gentleman." An unusual Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an avenger who takes the law into his own hands and finally finds it hard to forgive himself. Joan Collins, and Stephen Boyd head a strong supporting cast. De Luxe Colour and Cinemascope, 20th Century Fox film for adult entertainment.

LEE & ASTOR: "Young Guns." Allied Artists Productions Inc. Featuring Russ Tamblyn, Gloria Talbot and Perry Lopez. The Wild Bunch in the West, too young to know the meaning of fear, in a well-hidden outlaw settlement in Wyoming. Beardless bandits and devastating desperadoes. Juvenile delinquents in the horse-hungry days of 1897 and a story of their adventures. Guy Mitchell sings "Song of the Young Guns."

KING & PRINCESS: "Bitter Victory." British desert Commandoes in a raid on enemy-held Benghazi, played by Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, Ruth Roman and Raymond Pellegrin, international starting cast. Desert Rats invade an African fortress to secure papers from Rommel's Headquarters. Libyan desert

of earlier days . . . John Barrymore, C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone, Edna May Oliver, Conway Tearle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film directed by George Cukor.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Bachelor Party." Terrific realistic revelation of what can happen after a stag party, the men who made "Marty." At the end of a carousing pub-crawl the maudlin but pathetic inner fears of each man are exposed. One clearing brain reaches a truer assessment of life's values and returns home with mental conflict ended. Convincing characterisations by Don Murray; his devoted wife Patricia Smith; and an extraordinary existentialist Carolyn Jones. KING'S & PRINCESS: "Men and Wolves." French-Italian production in Cinemascope and Eastmancolour, featuring Sylvana Mangano, Yves Montand and Pedro Armendariz. Adventures of remote villagers during a rigorous winter when hungry wolves come in from the surrounding forests, the humane brotherhood of man when faced with hostile nature.

COMING

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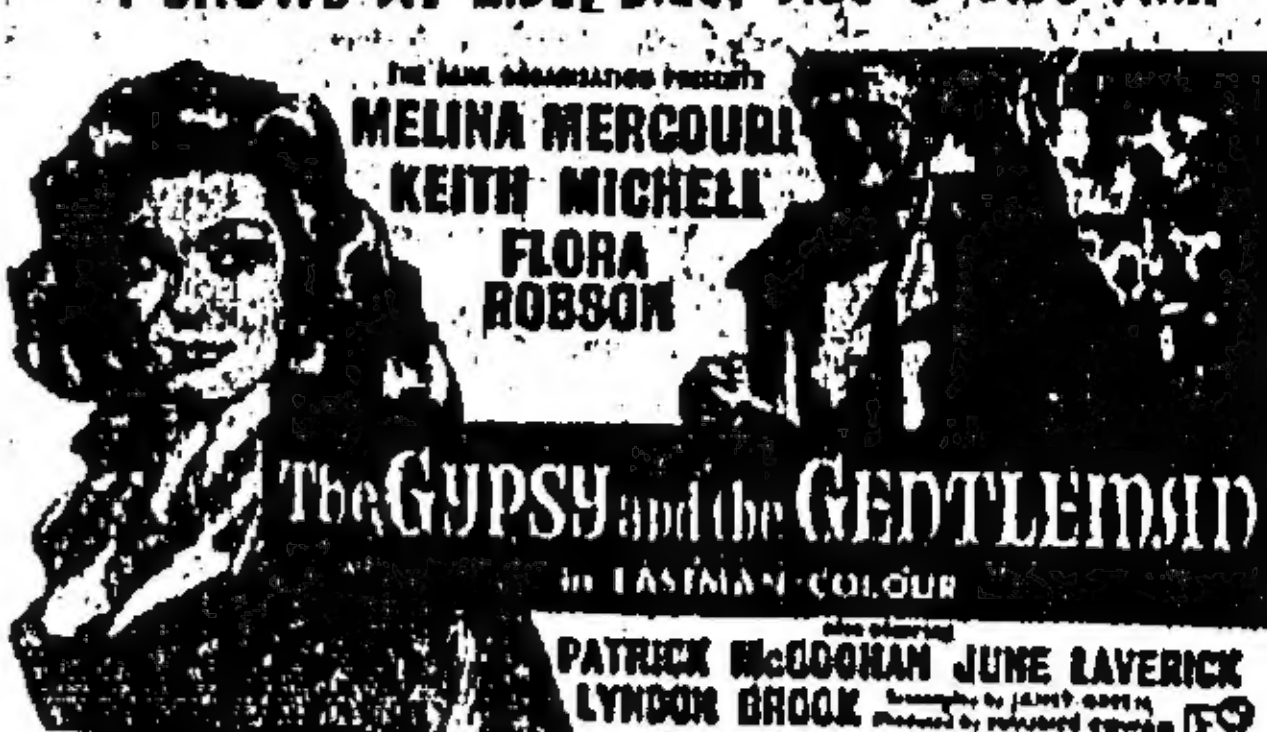
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Lee & Astor

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE

At 12.00 Noon

TECHNICOLOR

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from Fox

ASTOR THEATRE

At 11.00 a.m.

TOM & JERRY

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.

"KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"

★ NEXT CHANCE ★

THEY MAKE TODAY'S TEEN-AGE TERRORS LOOK TAME!

THE YOUNG GUNS

RUSS TAMBLYN

GIORGIO ARMANI - PERRY LOPEZ

ROXY & BROADWAY

HELD OVER • BY POPULAR DEMAND

NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE STORY THAT ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD!



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"23 PACES TO BAKER STREET"

Starring: Van JOHNSON

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. PARAMOUNT TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

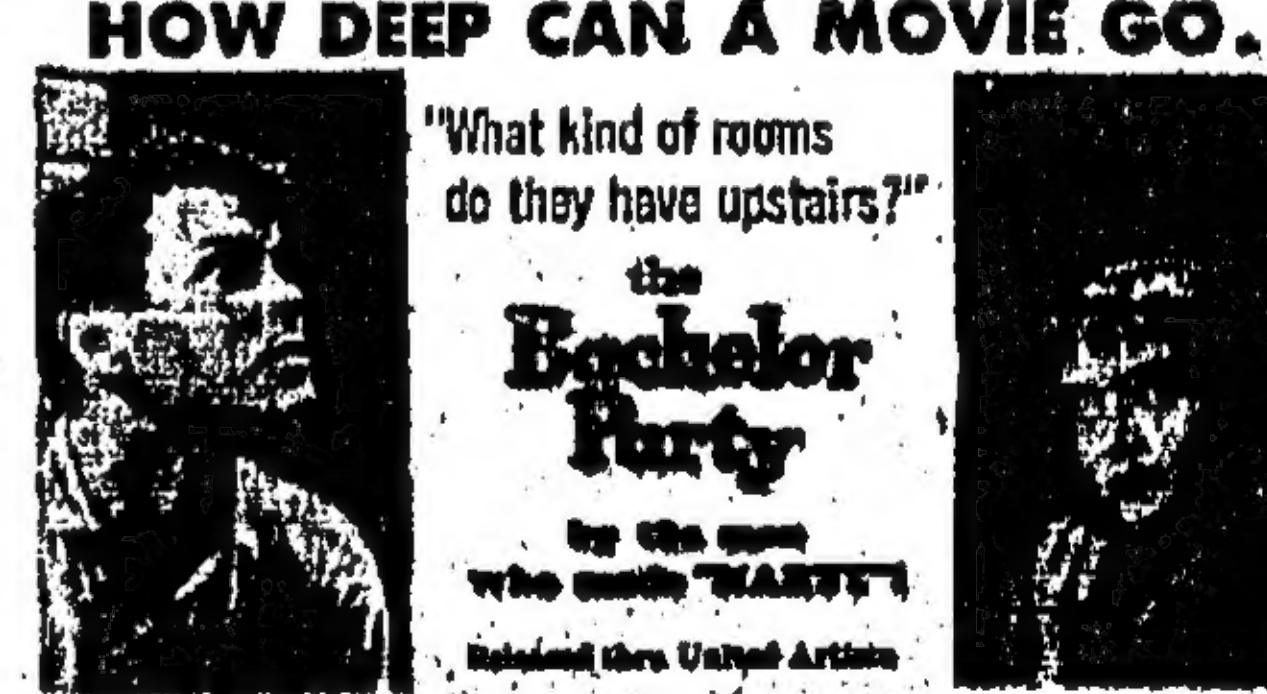
First Showing At THIS THEATRE. • At Reduced Prices

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HOW DEEP CAN A MOVIE GO...



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. || METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

FOX

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. "TEAHOUSE OF AUGUST MOON"

Starring: Marlon BRANDO • Gena FORD

An M-G-M Picture in Cinemascope & Color

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A Delightful, Thoroughly Entertaining Romantic Drama!

MEN and WOMEN

Equalizing "Women of the River" Surpassing "Bitter Rice"



To-morrow Special Show

At 12.30 p.m.

ROBERT TAYLOR in

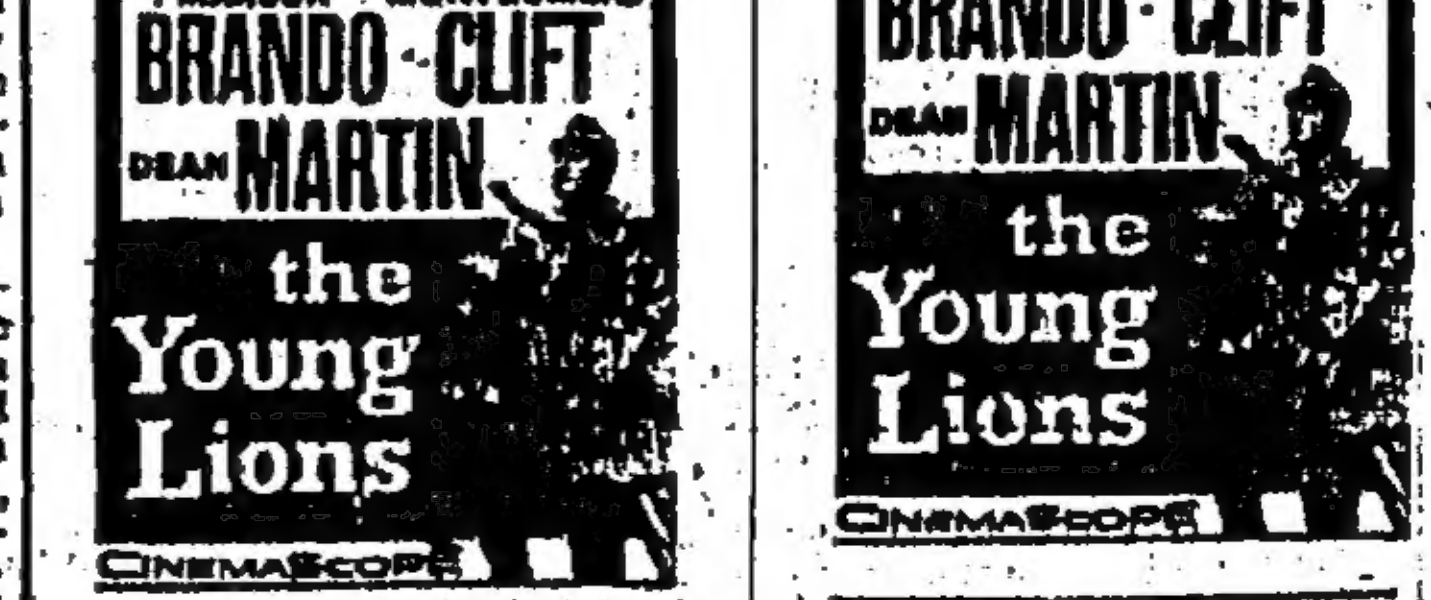
"WATERLOO BRIDGE"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

Due to length of film, please note change of times!

3 SHOWS TO-DAY

At 2.30-5.40 & 9.15 p.m.



Shows To-morrow

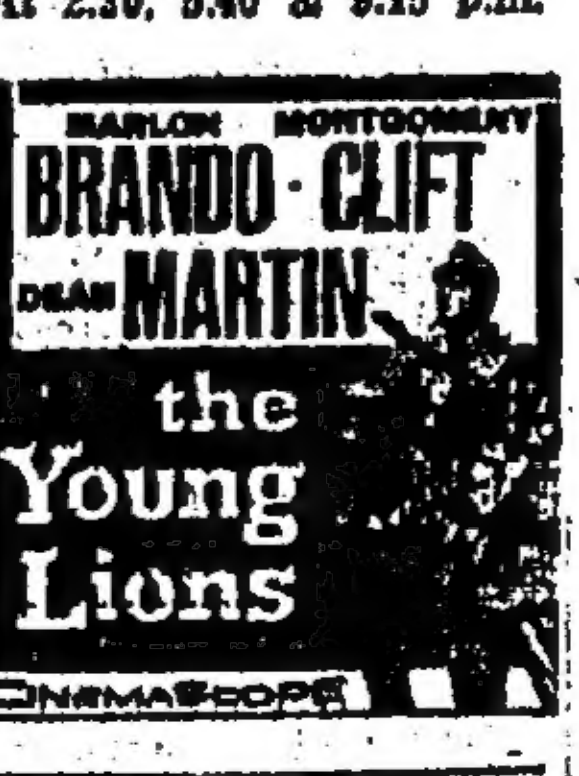
"THE YOUNG LIONS"

11.45 a.m., 2.15, 5.40 & 9.15 p.m.

THE 9th DAY

3 SHOWS

At 2.30, 5.40 & 9.15 p.m.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

MARTIN & LEWIS in

"A BROOKLYN GORILLA"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

LONDON'S NEWEST BRANCH OF SHOW BUSINESS

The Tired Businessmen's 'Club'

IT'S NOW SEX IN THE AFTERNOON

By GEORGE MONTGOMERY

STRIP-TEASE "theatre clubs," supplying sex in the afternoon to tired businessmen, are London's newest and most profitable branch of show business.

These clubs have been packing in out-of-town and overseas customers for about a year and prospects for the future appear bright.

Technically, these "theatres" are private clubs.

This means they are not subject to the censorship which in regular theatres outlaws the "artistic" shedding of clothes under a low rising stage nudes must not move.

The "club theatres" are extremely democratic about their membership.

London's centuries-old, ultra-exclusive gentlemen's clubs may employ the blackball with great regularity but it is all but unheard of in the world of the blue spotlight and the cunningly manipulated zipper.

Annual Fee

Theatre-club members pay a small annual fee, usually about 10 shillings per ticket. Only a member can purchase a ticket but he can bring a friend.

The club theatres resemble Britain's drinking clubs, also doing a booming business. The country's "public houses"—bars where anyone over 18 can drink—are not permitted to stay open as long or as late as the clubs.

However, the law does regulate the drinking clubs to some extent and the same holds true of the club theatres.

Any strip act that went too far would run into trouble with Britain's anti-obscenity laws.

The strip-theatre clubs usually open after lunch and stage

continuous 90-minute performances until the evening.

Attendance is likely to be lower at night when the middle-aged businessman "out feeling prospects" adjourns to his favourite club before the train ride home.

Glamour Revue

Show people recall the "craze" began slightly over a year ago when a 100-seat theatre club switched to "glamour revue" after years of presenting experimental plays and satirical skits.

Its membership reportedly soared from 3,000 to more than 40,000 as a result.

Others followed suit. However, there are still many club theatres presenting only plays—often "daring" ones that could not be put on in public theatres.

One newspaperman recently compared strip and non-strip clubs:

"The art-crafty theatre clubs may torture their characters with abnormal desires, but the revue clubs sing, rather too insistently, of doing what comes naturally."

In addition to the big theatre clubs strip-teasers work in small bars that also classify themselves as clubs.

Some of these are called "walkie-talkie" bars. Their girls are not the nude, moltenless nudes of the public theatres.

One typical "walkie-talkie" bar in the heart of London begins its strip acts at 5 p.m. to catch the home-going businessman.

Like many others, the bar of this club is lined with pretty girls who do their best to see that he does not go home.

The customers pack themselves into a small room not more than four yards square and jostle each other for bar space until the show begins.

A Few Sequins

Finally a postage-stamp area in the middle of the floor is cleared and the "artistic" of the evening performs her routine—usually a standard striptease of the type known in the United States for many years but still novel here.

It ends with the girl clad in a few sequins or in some cases, nothing at all.

The proprietor of this club—a dapper young Londoner with kinky hair and a penchant for black shirts—claims the distinction of initiating the "business hours" strip bars.

He got into the venture after experimenting with another variant of the same theme—a "photographic salon."

These places, now less numerous as a result of police interest, feature shapely girls removing their clothing before an audience with negligible photographic interests.

Customers are provided with cameras—if they want them.

Many of the girls now working in the strip spots are stage hopefuls.

Some make £10 to £15 weekly through their afternoon and evening capers before the intent and appreciative businessmen.—China Mail Special.

English Meat Takes Second Place To Foreign

ENGLISH meat is to take second place to foreign meat in Hertfordshire schools, it was reported last week.

All butchers who supply schools have received the following announcement:

"For your information the county education officer has instructed schools that they should not purchase English meat (except pork) and English offal."

PROTESTED

Local farmers claimed in protest that the county authority for the first time has made this an instruction instead of a recommendation.

A county official explained that budget dictated the choice of foreign rather than domestic beef.

"We have to make sure the child gets the best available for the price," he said.

He added that if English meat cost the same as imported the schools would buy English.—U.P.I.

She Bought The Only One

Then Four More Turned Up!

Milan. Socialite Mrs Katharina Williams said last week she will not present President Eisenhower with a gift of a painting which she had believed to be a famous Correggio. Mrs Williams, who paid 150,000,000 lire (US\$255,000) for the Correggio painting called "St. Jerome" (the day) said to be the only one in existence, announced a month ago she had bought it as a personal gift for Eisenhower just because she greatly admired him. And that she knew he liked Correggio's work.

But news of the gift announcement brought to light in Italy within a matter of days three

other Correggio paintings called "St. Jerome," all four also known as the Madonna of Saint Jerome.

A flurry among Italian art experts was still going on to try and prove which of the four paintings was the authentic Correggio. So far, favorites of the Correggio foursome are the one in the Palazzo Reale at the town of Parma, south of Milan. Mrs Williams said the doubts of the authenticity of her Correggio make it impossible for her to send it to President Eisenhower. She said she has told him the reason in a telegram she sent.—U.P.I.

THE HIGH-PRODUCTIVITY DUCKS OF DOWNING STREET



Number Ten Has A Happy Event

THERE has been a sudden—though predictable—increase in the duck population at No. 10, Downing Street.

It was nine weeks ago that a pair of grey mallards (top left) flew into the Prime Minister's garden from nearby St James's Park.

The Prime Minister was very proud of his visitors.

When British Railway officials and union chiefs met at No. 10 in an attempt to avert the threatened rail strike recently, Mr Macmillan took them into the garden to see the mallards' nest.

Now he has even more cause for pride. His guests have produced a fine brood of 11 ducklings.

PREPARATION TO RETARD HAIR FALLING

Bonn. Progress in slowing down the excessive hair fall which leads to baldness in men and women was reported to the Society for Aesthetic Medicine at its recent congress here by an American physician.

Dr. Irwin I. Lubowe of New York said in a paper which became available recently that he had successfully treated scores of cases over a period of years with a hormone-amine acid preparation which had produced "in many cases small areas of new hair growth."

Dr. Lubowe said that the preparation had cleared up about 80 per cent of minor scalp disorders while it was achieving "the progressive lessening of the excessive hair fall."

The physician said his findings were part of the "intensive scientific research" now being undertaken by the medical profession into the increase in scalp disorders and hair losses in the last decade.—U.P.I.

A policeman who caught two boys, aged 13 and 11, smoking in a Norwich street sent one of them with 12d to buy another cigarette. The boy got it. And a woman shopkeeper was fined 10s. for selling cigarettes to a person under 16.

ADRIAN, AGED 3, FLIES 'LIKE THE BIRDIES'

FOR just a few blissful seconds last week three-year-old Adrian Bates flew "just like the birdies do." He took off from his parents' bedroom window-sill and touched down, unhurt, on the lawn 15 ft. below.

Birds in the garden under his bedroom in Ovingdean Road, Ovingdean, Brighton, had given him the urge to fly.

And, like the birds, he was up early.

Before he made his jump he toddled off to see his parents, Ronald Bates, a Brighton town councillor, and his wife, Joan.

Mrs Bates put on Adrian's dressing-gown and sent him back to his room.

But soon Adrian was back with his parents who were fast asleep. And the birds... they were singing and gliding gracefully past the bedroom window.

Nothing wrong

"Adrian watched fascinated. 'Could I fly like them... Could I? Could I...?' he wondered. Yes he could, and up he stepped on to the window-sill and jumped."

His parents woke with a start. "It was then that I heard him bawl," said his mother.

When the hospital doctor examined him they said: "Nothing wrong. He's had a miraculous escape."

And the last word from Adrian: "I not fall. I fly like the birdies do."



ADRIAN BATES

IF YOU WANT TO ROB A TILL...

Ask A Policeman

IT was seven o'clock in the morning when the smartly dressed man with the cultured voice walked into the police station.

"Good morning," he said to the officer behind the inquiry desk. "I'm the new canteen manager."

He was so calm, so full of confidence.

"Can you let me have the keys to the place?" he went on. "I have to open up straight away."

The policeman reached for a bunch of keys hanging on a board. "Do you know where it is?" he asked.

"I'm not certain," said the stranger. "Perhaps you can direct me."

Fingerprints

He was shown the way down the corridors to the basement, and called out "See you later."

But the man in blue at Earl's Court-road, S.W. did NOT see him later.

When the canteen staff arrived to start work they found drawers open, the till ajar, and 220 and several packets of cigarettes missing.

So the police were called from upstairs and the C.I.D. sent fingerprint men.

A description was issued of the "comical manager" with whom they would like to have a little talk.

He is about 45 and of medium height. And he's, oh, so very plausible.

London.

A football coupon posted by Walsall housewife Mrs Ida Taylor in November has just been returned to her—from Canada.

The coupon fell into a Christmas-card envelope in the post-box and went to Ontario instead of Liverpool. And it had a winning line—it would have won 41.

London.

When the cause later, the firemen found the charred nest and the remains of the cigarette end.

The sparrow recovered—but just eight Mr Spars and his daughter Gleda into a local wood to release the bird.

He felt the habit of smoking in bed might do less harm there.—China Mail Special.

Sparrow Smoked In Bed

Birmingham.

A sparrow that smoked in bed caused a fire in a house here.

The bird had apparently brought a lighted cigarette end to its nest in the bathroom airing cupboard of the house of Mr Jack Sears.

Then the nest caught alight and the fire spread to linen in the cupboard.

The fire brigade was called and put out the blaze before

serious damage was caused.

Seeking the cause later, the firemen found the charred nest and the remains of the cigarette end.

The sparrow recovered—but just eight Mr Spars and his daughter Gleda into a local wood to release the bird.

He felt the habit of smoking in bed might do less harm there.—China Mail Special.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Five pretty girls—America's top deb of 1958—flow into London recently on the last stop of a European tour. Their 78-year-old chaperon, Lady Cary, defined the U.S. deb's qualifications as: "Beauty—and wealthy families."

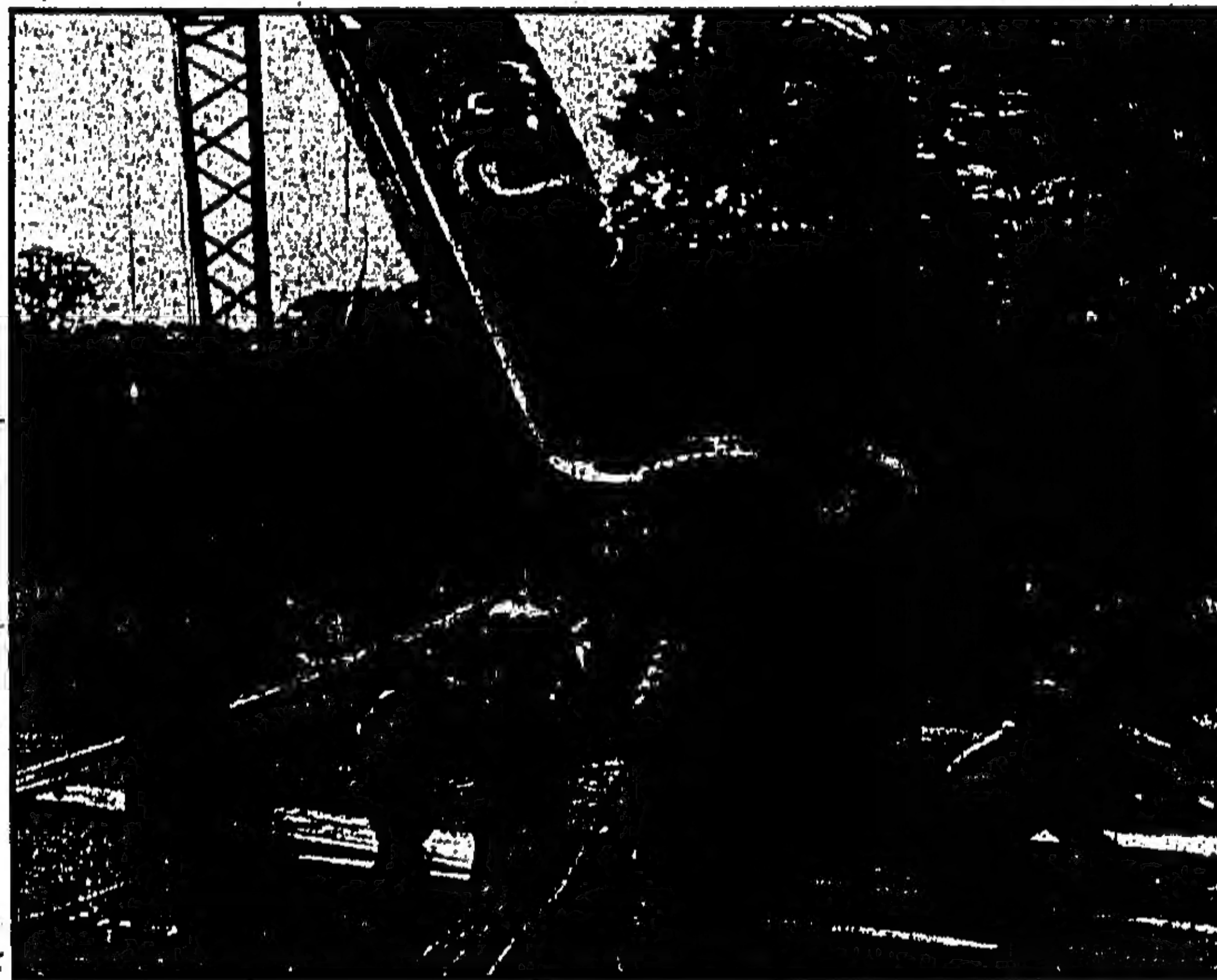


ABOVE: Sir Lawrence and Lady Olivier (Actress Vivien Leigh) seen recently at a London party. Sir Lawrence wears a beard for his forthcoming film project: Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

★ Express Photographs ★

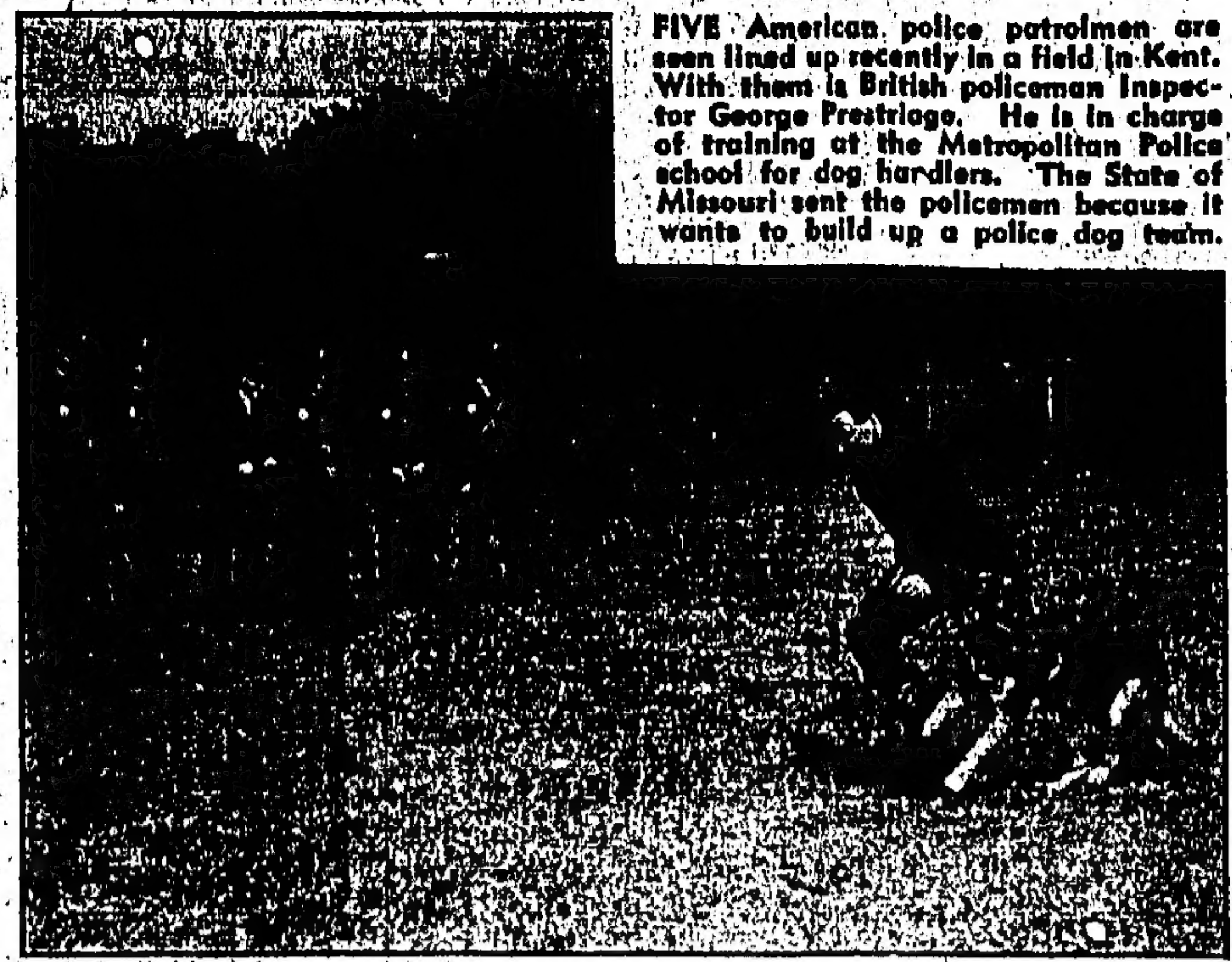


LIEUTENANT Peter Moloney, 26, ex-Trappist Monk, lies in his bunk in Cyprus where he is serving as a paratroop officer. He had been a novitiate for 20 months when the Lord Abbot advised him that his vocation lay elsewhere. He then volunteered for the paratroops, but says: "I'm still a monk at heart."



LEFT: Actor Rex Harrison and his wife, actress Kay Kendall, seen recently at a London party. Rex is currently starring in the hit London production of "My Fair Lady."

BELOW: Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, is seen (centre) recently at Benson Royal Air Force Station, Oxfordshire, after flying in for talks with Colonial Secretary Alan Lunn-Boyd on Cypriot reaction to the new British plan for the island's future.



FIVE American police patrolmen are seen lined up recently in a field in Kent. With them is British policeman Inspector George Prestige. He is in charge of training at the Metropolitan Police school for dog handlers. The State of Missouri sent the policemen because it wants to build up a police dog team.



DR Chaddi Jagan, Trade Minister in British Guiana and leader of the People's Progressive Party, arrived in Britain recently to take part in talks with Colonial Secretary Alan Lunn-Boyd. Dr. Jagan is to ask the British Government for a £40,000,000 loan.



PRINCESS Margaret pictured when she arrived for a visit to the 4th. Battalion the Suffolk Regiment (T.A.), of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, in the grounds of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk recently. —Keystone.



HOLLYWOOD'S Jayne Mansfield pictured recently relaxing in plastic raincoat and with poodle in Buckinghamshire, where she is staying while playing in her latest film, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," in which she stars opposite Kenneth More.



BELOW: Colonel Oldrich Pribyl, Czech military attaché in London and the person to whom a Briton is alleged to have passed secrets "likely to be of great assistance to an enemy," chats unconcernedly with his wife at a consular cocktail party. The Briton, Bryan Linney of Worthing, faces five charges under the official Secrets Acts.

ABOVE: The erection of the totem pole presented to the Queen by the government of British Columbia was completed recently. The work was started early in the morning by No. 3 Squadron of 22 Field Engineer Regt. It is 106 ft. long and 4' 6" diameter at the base.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



"I'LL DESCRIBE EVERYTHING I SEE THROUGH MY TELESCOPE."



"MRS. DALY IS HANGING WASH—MR. ADAMS IS GARDENING—HIS DOG IS SLEEPING—"



"DAGMAR SMITH IS WALKING ON ELM STREET."



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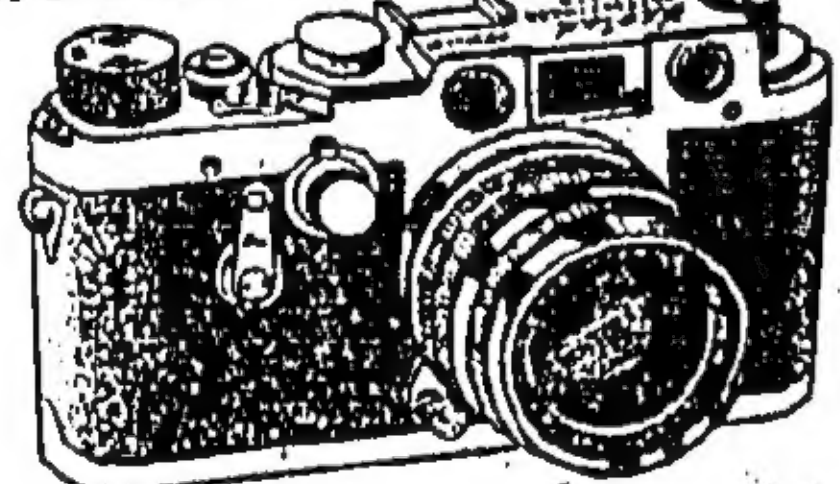
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SAVED:

by a back street angel

HER eyes were blue and her face was pale and she looked as gentle as a kitten. Yet this slip of a girl terrified me.

One word from her and I was as good as dead. For she knew my secret. She knew I was on the run from the dreaded secret police.

And ironically it was because scarecrow that I was, I had remembered my manners when I bumped into her in the street of the little town of Ursk, a couple of hundred miles from the Caspian, and had blurted out "Sorry" in German.

I winced with fear as she said: "You're no Russian."

Then my heart leapt again as she said: "Follow me. It's too dangerous for us to talk here."

Dumbly I followed, my brain racing feverishly. Was she a spy? Was it a trap? Would the ruthless hands of the Red police seize me as I stepped through her door?

I had covered thousands of miles and suffered countless agonies since my escape from a slave camp in Siberia and I trusted no one.

Gripping a knife in my pocket, I swore that if this girl had betrayed me then she would die first.

God forgive me that thought. For although I did not know it I was walking with an angel.

I realised this within seconds of being shown into her tiny room in a back-street slum. I saw a tear shining on her cheek.

She held out her hand and I gazed at it not understanding what she meant.

Then I saw she held a much-thumbed photograph.

A picture

It was a picture of a handsome young sergeant in the German medical corps.

As I glanced at it the girl asked, with yearning in her voice:

"Do you know him? Have you ever met him?"

I knew then that this handsome young soldier had been her sweetheart.

And slowly, sadly, I shook my head and handed her back the picture.

She sighed. In a brittle little voice she said: "That is Franz. We met in the war... in Kharkov. He was taken prisoner and I saw him again in the P.O.W. cage after the city was recaptured."

"Nobody knew where he was being taken. I just thought you might have seen him..." Kharkov! That would have been in 1943. She must have been only about 19 at the time. Lamently I said: "He may still be alive."

"Of course," she said almost brightly. "And now you must have something to eat." When I had finished and told her my story, she said: "Have you thought of what you are going to do without any papers when you get to the oldfields west of the Caspian?"

I shrugged. "Trust to luck, I suppose."

Meekly

She thought for a moment. "Would you mind staying the night here?" she asked. "I can sleep with a friend. There is plenty to eat and nobody will disturb you."

Meekly I thanked her and did as I was told.

The next evening she came back—with an official permit which allowed me to travel within a radius of 530 miles from Ursk. It was more valuable to me than gold.

"I'm sorry it's not an identity card," she said, "but that would have needed a photograph. It's not a forgery, though, and it will be a help."

I stammered my thanks. They sounded utterly inadequate. Then I went on my way, thinking of this girl who loved a German and of the risks she had taken for me.

Smugglers

Alexandrov-Gay was my next stop. There I was to get in touch with a member of the Kulaki, a Resistance movement with agents all over Russia.

I found him with a sinister case and packed on from there to Ursk. From Ursk to Orsk, from Orsk to Makhachkala, on the western shores of the Caspian.

I walked, hitchhiked and stole rides on trains to get there, travelling all the time beneath the Kulaki cloak.

Now the date was November, 1942, and I was on the last leg.



Clemens Forell, left, fleeing from a Russian slave camp, was prepared to kill anyone who stood in his way... even a blue-eyed girl. He did not know she held the key to freedom. Here is Forell's own story of that tense and touching encounter.

Clemens Forell's escape story, translated by Lawrence Wilson, is told by J. M. Bauer in "As Far as My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 10s.).

I WALKED 8,000 MILES TO FREEDOM

The thought of it thrilled me and scared me. Now I couldn't think of failure.

A Kulaki guide led me over the Caucasus mountains and handed me over to four professional smugglers. At once the leader asked: "How much can you pay?"

"How much do you want?" I countered. They laughed and took every rouble I owned.

For days

For days I was with them. At last we reached a fast-flowing river and waded across. In mid-stream the leader said jauntily: "You're crossing the frontier into Iran now." Exactly three days later I came to the fringe of a large town and experienced a terrible shock.

As I walked down a wide street I saw a huge building ahead of me with the huge letters U.S.S.R. blazoned across it.

Suspected

Above them was the hated red hammer and sickle emblem. The Russian consulate!

I began to run. Panicked, I stumbled through the streets, away from those letters, away from that crest, away from that building of terror.

I screamed as I ran... screamed for the police, for asylum, for protection. Crowds stopped and stared, but I ran on.

"Police?" A man pointed to a door, guarded by sentries in

strange uniforms. I burst past them and lunged myself at a tall, magnificently uniformed officer. "Please— asylum!" I blurted in German. "Help me. Don't hand me back. I am an escaped German prisoner-of-war. I escaped three years ago and have just crossed into your country."

Probable

The officer never lost his composure. Slowly, pedantically, he told me that I would not be handed back if I were speaking the truth.

If, as seemed more probable, I were a Soviet agent, the authorities would make doubly sure that I did not return. Meanwhile, until the matter was clarified, he added, I was under arrest.

I was taken to Teheran where I was questioned four or five times a day over a period of several weeks.

In fact, I am certain I would have been gaoled as a spy, or even executed, had I not suddenly remembered that I had an uncle who worked for the Turkish Government in Ankara. Desperately I tried to remember his name. At last it came back to me—Uncle Erich Haudrexel.

Who are you?

The next day my gaolers agreed to send a message to the Turkish Embassy, asking that he be contacted.

For six days I waited, growing more and more convinced that my uncle must have died. On the seventh day I was taken from my cell and found myself face to face with Uncle Erich.

'Do you know him?' she pleaded

FORELL gazed at the picture of a handsome young German soldier... the sweetheart she had not seen for years. "Maybe he's still alive," said Forell, but in his heart he knew it was hopeless. (Illustration by Arthur Wragg)

On December 22, 1952, three years and two months after I had escaped, I reached Munich.

So this was the end of the road... all 8,000 miles of it.

And as I walked up the familiar street, my strength and courage seemed to drain from my body.

For I did not know what I would find when I knocked on the door of the house I called home.

Uncle

My uncle, who had not been in touch with the family for years, had been unable to tell me anything.

I did not even know if my parents were alive or dead or I would have wired them. And now I was standing at the door. For a full minute I stood with my hand on the knocker. I dared it but dare not drop it.

I could not bear to think that any other face than that of my mother should appear at the door.

A lump came to my throat and tears sprang to my eyes. Then, desperately, urgently, I knocked.

I shall never forget the agony of waiting for the door to open. I waited to run away and hide. By the time the door was opened I was ready to scream. Then the catch clicked and there stood... my mother.

Mother

Oh, the agony, oh, the joy of that moment. For she knew me at once.

Old though her eyes might be, they were not deceived by the lines scoring my face, the sunken cheeks.

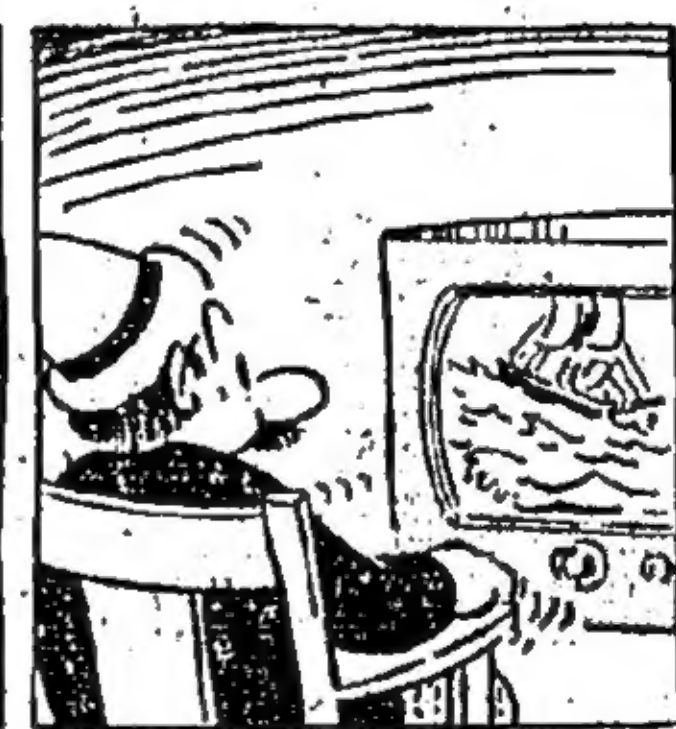
Quietly she began to weep. Then, without a word, she took me in her arms and led me inside.

"All these years I have known you were alive," she told me. "Even though you were reported missing, and then believed killed, I still knew you would come home." When I had heard her story I said a prayer of thanks. And not only for the strength I had been given to endure my fantastic 8,000-mile journey.

I THANKED GOD, ALSO, FOR THE FACT THAT I HAD A MOTHER TO WELCOME ME HOME.

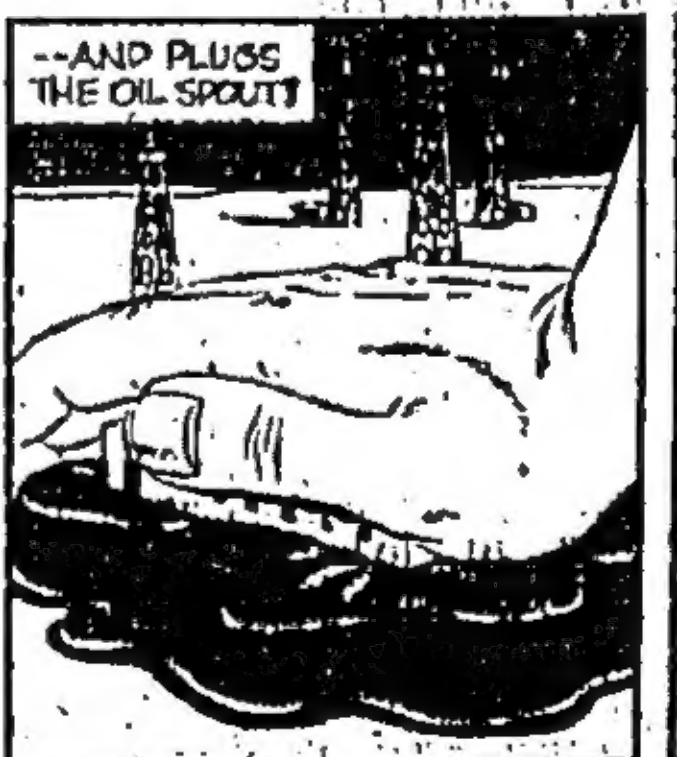
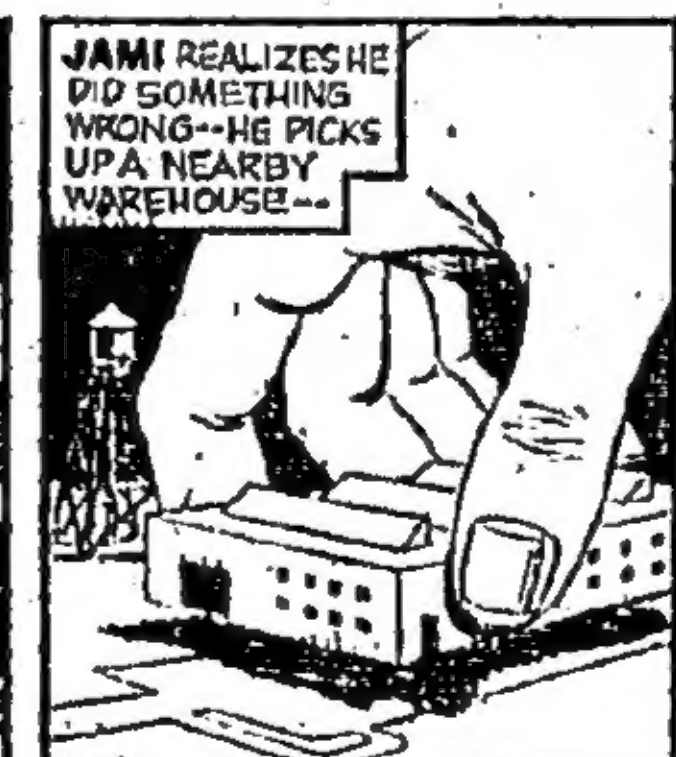
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THE GAP

THEY COME HERE TO DIE!

AUSTRALIA'S most notorious suicide spot, The Gap, may soon become purely a tourist attraction.

The Gap, a 200 feet high cliff near Watson's Bay, on the southern head of Sydney harbour, has for years been the favourite resort of people determined to "end it all."

Until recently, all intending suicides had to do was clamber over a small, projecting fence and jump. Below, formations of rocks ensured an instantaneous death.

Then the police stepped in. A patrol car now stands nearby day and night, manned by police ready to make an immediate dash to The Gap to restrain anyone who appears to be contemplating suicide.

In the first week of the patrol, police prevented two men and two women from making the fatal jump.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Long Huddle Pays Dividend

By OSWALD JACOBY

WEST'S opening diamond was a semi-psychic lead directed at bid and did not leave North and South from bidding their usual game.

East won the first trick with the ace of diamonds and took stock of the situation. Obviously, the only way to beat the hand would be to collect two club tricks and he had to attack the suit immediately.

This left him with the problem of which club to lead. Should his partner hold ace-nine-small, his choice did not matter, provided his partner would hold back the ace. If South held the ace nothing mattered at all.

A low lead would give declarer an automatic low play if he held the nine so that was out and it was up to East to choose be-

NORTH 24	
AKJ10	
A1098	
72	
Q83	
WEST	
932	
17	
QJ1004	
A72	
EAST (D)	
5	
853	
A803	
J1005	
SOUTH	
Q754	
Q42	
K5	
K04	
North and South vulnerable	
East South West North	
Pass Pass 1 Double	
3 3 Pass 4	
Pass Pass Double Pass	
Opening lead—♦Q	

tween the ten and the jack. He selected the ten on the theory that a false card play was more likely to work than the natural one.

It worked all right. South went into a long huddle and finally came to the conclusion that the ten was the higher card of a doubleton. He played the king and when West took his ace and returned the suit South was doomed to defeat.

While credit is due East for his deceptive lead, I feel that South should not have fallen for the play. If East held a doubleton club West would have held five of the suit and probably would have chosen to take a save at five diamonds against the vulnerable game contract.

Q-CARD SENSE

The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♣ 1♥ Pass 2NT
Pass 3♣ Pass 3NT
Pass Pass Double Pass
Pass
You, South, hold:
AS VA 1065 ♠AJ87 AK54
What do you do?
A—Pass or redouble if you like to gamble. You have your fall values and then some. Under no circumstances should you run out to one of your suits.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♣ 1♥ Pass 2NT
You, South, hold:
AQ 10 65 WK54 ♠AJ87 43
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

PLANNING A JAUNT TO FORMOSA

By Sir Beverley Baxter

MANY years ago when I was young I had my fortune told by an old gypsy woman who kept a summer stand at Hanlon's Point, Toronto. She gazed at my palm for something over a minute and then said: "You will cross the ocean many times and you will travel to many countries. That will be ten cents."

I gave her the appropriate coin of the realm and reflected sadly upon the pitfalls of human vanity. Here was a week's pocket money gone in the twinkling of an eye—and for what? Just a ridiculous mumbo jumbo prophecy about oceans and distant lands.

It was quite true that the five Baxter children and their parents had been to Niagara Falls, and as a member of a Boy Trio I had been to North Bay, but what chance was there of ever seeing any other country than Canada except perhaps the American side of the falls from a respectful distance?

How was either the gypsy or myself to know that in 1914 a benevolent Government would offer young men in uniform a free trip to England and, for good measure, a further trip to France?

Memory is a curious thing but oddly enough I thought of the old gypsy woman's prophecy the other night when a fellow Tory M.P. came up and volunteered the information that the Government was glad to have me visit General Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife as their guest. He had received a letter from them to that effect and he strongly recommended the acceptance of the invitation.

Formosa! Right across the other side of the world! And all this just to visit the American-backed island, the former ruler of China and his pliant playing wife. Well it was an idea and I consulted the Chief Government Whip. Considering that he is the boss of the Tory club and that the Minister he was quite decent about it. "By all means," he said. "But of course you will have to take your pair with you." In other words I must arrange with a Socialist M.P. to come with me so that the Government majority would not be reduced.

Back in the smoking room I looked around and just then Sir Lynn Ungood-Thomas, who was Solicitor-General in the last Socialist Administration, came up and said: "Can I give you a lift home?" For, oddly enough, he lives a hundred yards down from my house in St John's Wood.

"How would you like to come with me to Formosa?" I asked when we got into his car.

"Why not?" he replied. It took some time to convince him that it was not just a joke but when finally the idea entered his head he was all for it. A Tory and a Socialist, forgetting their political differences would take to the skies with a common destination and a common sense of adventure.

But obviously the first thing was to get in touch with the Formosa representative in London and find out exactly how and when it could be done.

All sorts of engagements in London would have to be cancelled—including a dinner to the Air Force Association of my constituency which was to take place at the House of Commons on a Saturday night just a fortnight ahead. However, I could get another M.P. to act as host to the ex-aimen, while my wife could do her stuff as the hostess.

So in due course the London representative of the Formosa Government, and Englishman by the way, came to consult us about the arrangements. "What about your vaccination certificates?" he asked. "When were you last vaccinated?" That was a poser. In fact neither of us had been vaccinated for years. "Ah well! You can get that done," said the agent. "Now what about typhus?"

"Well, what about it?" said Sir Lynn. "Do you think that Baxter and I go about getting plugged against Oriental plagues?"

The agent smiled sweetly. "Then of course there is yellow fever," he said. "Have you been inoculated for yellow fever recently?"

We shook our heads and assured him that it was probably very wrong of us but we had not been inoculated against yellow, pink or black fever—or even hay fever. In fact we were just a pair of boobies who ought to be put in

visit China proper. I've phoned the Chinese Embassy and we're to be there at five o'clock."

So at the appointed hour we called at the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place, just opposite the B.B.C., and were received most courteously by the Chinese Charge d'Affaires whose English like his manner was singularly attractive. The Charge d'Affaires said it was excellent that two members of the British Parliament were going to the Orient. Already he had been in touch with Peking about it and the Chinese Government would not only make us welcome but would allow us to see anything and everything we desired. China had nothing to hide from us and everything to reveal.

Then the eyes of the Oriental gentleman narrowed although he smiled widely. "You, of course, are not contemplating a visit to Formosa?" he asked. We answered that on the contrary our primary purpose was to go to that exact place.

"I am so sorry," he said.

"What about?" we asked. "We do not recognize Formosa," he said. "I am very sorry." And believe me there was a note in his voice that made it clear that his grief and disappointment were genuine and profound. So we went.

"We're not going to be dictated to," said my Socialist col-

league firmly if ungrammatically. "It's ridiculous of Peking to behave in such a fashion." Then with the very perfection of the legal mind he declared emphatically that if China would not have us we would cut out China. In fact there has been nothing to equal his fairness since Coriolanus banished ancient Rome after the Romans refused to let him rule over them any longer.

Our next port of call was the House of Lords where Lord Home (pronounced "Hume") wanted to have a chat with us in his ministerial capacity of Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.

He thought that it was an excellent idea for us to go East and see for ourselves and he would arrange for us to stay with the Governor at Hongkong. But would it not be a good idea to drop off at Karachi and Calcutta and Singapore and get a general idea of what was going on? We agreed that while we were at it we ought to see everything that was to be seen.

"What about the President of the Board of Trade?" he asked. "He ought to give you a clear understanding of what's going on and some of our problems." We agreed that on no account would we miss any of the problems that beset our Commonwealth relations. "I'll get him on the phone," said the Minister.

An hour later we were given the works, the whole

works, by the President. It was true that Lancashire fiercely resented the competition of cotton imports from Hongkong because the wages in that far off paradise were lower than in Lancashire. Nevertheless the general trade balance between Britain and Hongkong was favourable to the Mother Country. With that comforting thought we thanked the President and went out on the Terrace where we had a much needed drink.

"Drilling," said my wife next morning. "I suppose you know that you have nothing to wear, and that you have only a week before you go?"

Long happy years of marriage have taught me that no woman, especially the woman I married, has ever had any dress to meet an unexpected situation. But the dull uniformity of the male is the very opposite. From tails, to dinner jacket, to morning coat, and just an ordinary suit of clothes, the male is always ready, eye ready. But that is not what my wife thinks.

"You are going to the tropics," she said. "Therefore, I have arranged for you to be at Simpson's at 3 o'clock this afternoon." So in due course we went to the admirable "For Men Only" institution in the West End and on hour later emerged with clothes that would support me for the rest of my life in Africa, Asia, or even Toronto in August.

Two days to go and we would be off. Then to the Far East via Cairo and India with the beauty of Hongkong and eventually Madame Chiang Kai-shek playing the piano on that charmed island of Formosa with its challenge to China and its dollar inheritance from America.

Friday...our last day in London. Tomorrow and we would wing our way into the skies. If only the old woman at Hanlon's Point could see me now! And what a relief to be leaving London at a moment when the buses had gone on strike.

"You're wanted on the telephone. It's Sir Lynn Ungood-Thomas," said my secretary.

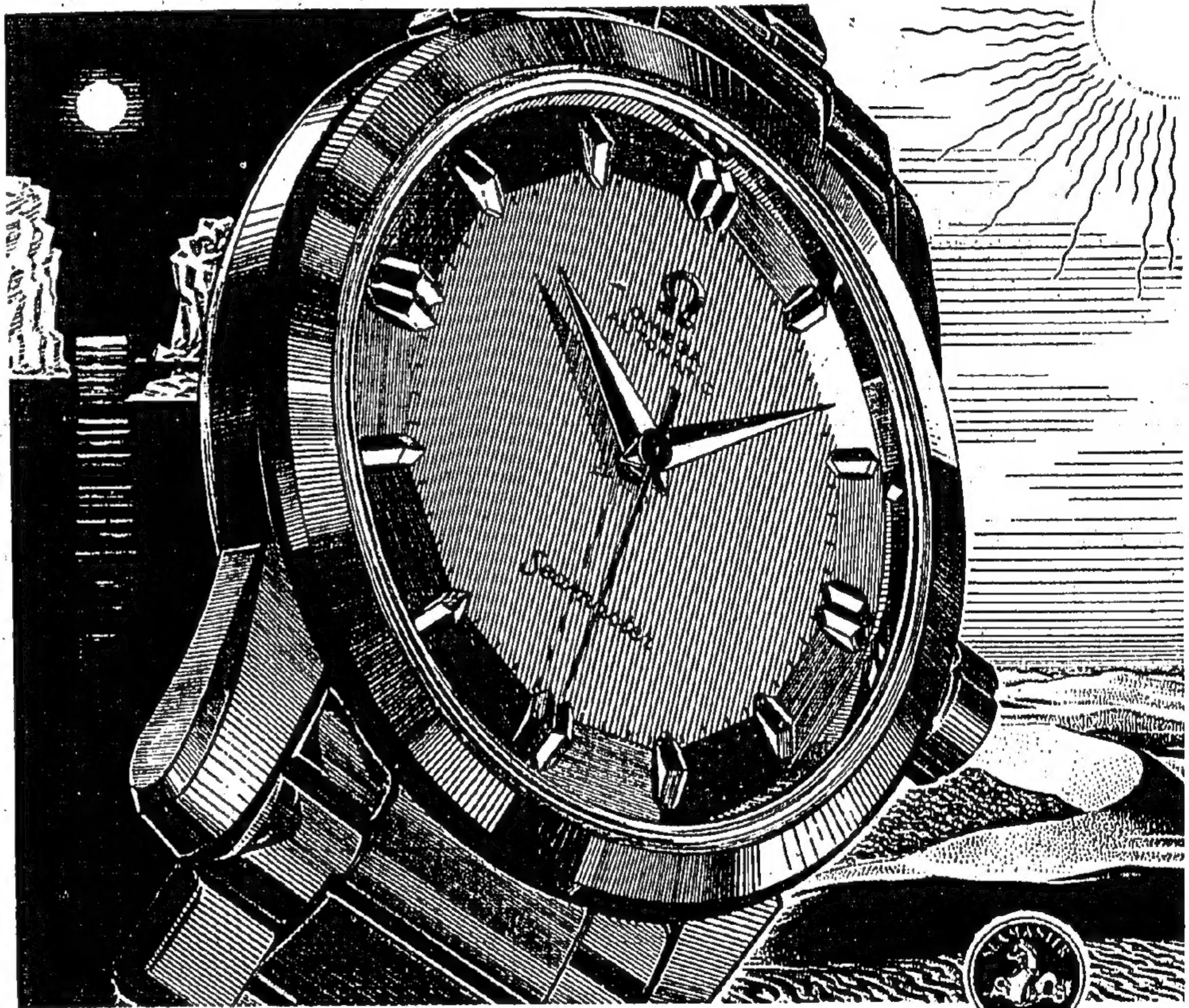
"I'm frightfully sorry," said Ungood-Thomas. "But I can't go. Galskell wants me to stay on the job because of the bus strike and a possible railway strike. Sorry old boy."

The giant pear tree in the garden of our St. John's Wood home shook with such violent laughter in the wind that the Terrace and lawn were covered with the corpses of a thousand buds. But we were not without our moment of glory. The Sunday Times announced next day that Sir Lynn and I had left for the Far East by air. Ah well! It was a close thing.

"We'll go" to Le Touquet instead," said my wife, "unless, of course, there is a civil war in France."

The telephone rang. It was the long-suffering London representative of the Formosa Government. "I have a message from the Generalissimo. Will you come to Formosa in September when the weather will be at its best?"

Well—who knows? Perhaps the old witch at Hanlon's Point was right, and I really got value for my ten cents.



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

EVERY BRIDE A BEAUTY ON WEDDING DAY

Plan Ahead, Avoid Detail Nerves



On her wedding day, this bride will look beautiful through the ceremony and the reception despite the crush of people and the haze of well-wishers. Her secret lies in the care she takes to keep her make-up both natural and long lasting. She uses the same care with fragrance. First, she uses spray mist in lieu of the valley scent to create a cloud of fragrance about her (left). She applies a true-colour lipstick (centre) that leaves colour on the lips even when the lipstick has been removed. And she finishes with perfume, matched in scent to the spray mist. She sprays it on at wrists and throat where it will last longest.

TO walk in beauty on her wedding day is the dream of every bride-to-be. And lovely she will be, if she avoids exhaustion, beauty's foremost enemy.

Wedding preparations can be hectic, but they need not be. The secret lies in starting long enough in advance so that all the necessary details can be accomplished in a leisurely manner. And plan your beauty ahead, too.

If you're going to get a permanent, have it done several weeks before the big event so that the frizziness will have vanished. And don't wait until the night

before your wedding to wash and set your hair. Have it done two days ahead so that it will be soft and natural looking.

Make-up should be subtly applied on the day you walk down the aisle for softness, not sophistication, is the keynote. And you must be certain, too, that your make-up will last through many hours.

Try using dry rouge. After you've applied it, get it with a dash of cold cream on your cheeks. It will give it extra staying power.

Your face powder will stay on longer, too, if it is applied with

a fluffy puff rather than a flat one. Use eye make-up with a light touch, and if your brows and lashes are naturally dark, skip it altogether for this day.

Your lipstick should be true-colour, and one famous beauty claims to use a lipstick that is claimed to blend with every complexion and needs little, if any, attention once applied.

To avoid sending your guests gaily off wearing your lipstick, try this method of applying it: Put on one coat, then blot. Apply another coat, wait two minutes, then blot again until no

colour appears on the tissue.

The fragrance for your wedding day should be delicate, but it, too, must last. There is a lovely new spray mist that is a blending of the essential oils of perfume with an aerosol medium.

Spray it in the air and walk through the mist. The faint lily-of-the-valley scent should last for hours. After the spray, use a light perfume on all the pulse points.

This will be the biggest day in your life. So plan it far enough ahead to avoid strain from weariness. Play down your make-up so that you look naturally lovely, and your dream will be realised—you'll truly minutes, then blot again until no

By ALICIA HART

Fashion Favours The Mother-To-Be



HOW lucky is the mother-to-be this summer. Never before has *fashion* provided her with high-fashion clothes that keep her secret for so long.

The easy-going lines of the chemise, the full-flowing "trapeze," and the gently puffed overblouse, all strictly Sum-

mer 1936 fashion, are a flattering disguise for these important months.

ON THE RIGHT...a polka-dot, cotton trapeze dress for a mother-to-be to wear all through the day. In black and white checks, it has a small sailor collar and a jaunty red tie.

ON THE LEFT...the baby doll chemise dress that all smart girls are mad about for summer. In tangerine French silk slays, it is a perfect party choice, with its softly draped fullness falling from under the bust.

(London Express Service).

BABY TALK

YOU DON'T TEACH IT TO YOUR CHILDREN—THEY TEACH YOU

T IRED of decoding the coy phrases of the children in her care, a Surrey headmistress this week asked parents a straight question.

"There are some mothers who seem averse to seeing their children grow up—and always use baby talk," writes Mrs. Norn Britton, in a magazine called *The Surrey Tutor*. "Why can't five-year-olds start school speaking plain English?"

I asked some parents the same question, and I came up with two answers. Some of them like baby talk, so they don't try to stop it. Most of them have got into the habit of baby talk, and they can't stop it.

Kingsley Amis enjoys it. "Our four-year-old is very retarded," he boasts. "Not clinically, of course. But she talks baby talk all the time. My wife and I like it so much we even go in for a certain amount of it unnecessarily. It's very funny from an adult point of view, don't you think?"

It is a sad fact that what seems singularly sweet and funny in one's own child is what irritates you most in someone else's.

REAL PROBLEM

Most parents recognise this, try to put a stop to "puff-puff" and "daddy-gee-gee," and find themselves face to face with the real problem.

The Carmichael family (actor Ian, wife Pym, and the two children) for instance, are unable to come right out with the word "hospital." "Sally coined the word 'hospital' when she was three," Pym Carmichael told me. "And that's what it has been to all of us ever since."

"You don't teach children baby talk—they teach you," is

the view of Penelope Mortimer, wife of playwright John Mortimer. And since she has six children, I'd rate her way above any professional expert as advice-giver.

"It's as well to avoid it as much as possible," she says. "Not for the child's sake, but for your own preservation. If you spend a lot of your time with children, you do tend to come out at parties with things about 'moo-moo' and 'bow-wow'."

If Mrs. Britton is wondering why parents ever start this business of baby-talk, this is the answer.

DISCOVERY

Fifteen months ago, I wondered myself. But my son is now fifteen months old, and I have made the startling discovery that babies do not understand plain English. Try a simple word like "Dog" and see where it gets you. "There's a dog," you say, "and the small face goes back at you, blankly uncomprehending."

"Dog... Dog... Dog," you repeat, because you believe in teaching your child the language it is going to use. "Da-da!" he queries eventually. This way lies confusion so you say "Bow-wow," and you've got a conversation going.

When we start this baby talk we all agree with Mrs. Britton that it is bad for the child and boring for us. But the reason why five-year-olds enter school still using it is not because parents are averse to their children growing up.

It is just that parents find it harder to grow up a second time themselves.

—SHIRLEY LOWE

(London Express Service).

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 5

BORN today, you will have an active, many-sided life. Since your talents are many and varied and your vigour is energetic, you will have an exciting life, too. There may be alternating cycles of good and ill fortune. But it appears that after each setback you give yourself for a greater effort and advance further each time. It would seem that opposition and competition merely add to your zest for conquest. Begin new projects on Mondays for the best results.

It is likely that you will have material success as well as fame in your chosen profession. You have the ability to accumulate wealth. No matter how humble your origin, you are able to rise above it and make your dream a reality. You are your own best press agent, too. You know how to put your best foot forward and make the most of every slightest opportunity. If all this appears to make you a materialistic go-getter, this is only part of the truth. You have a deep understanding of people as human beings and are eager to help those who are less fortunate than yourself. It is likely that you will achieve your financial goal quite early in life and will then spend the remainder of your days helping others.

You have a strong emotional nature and will find great happiness in your marriage and with your own family. You women are excellent housekeepers and managers. You may be a rather stern disciplinarian, yet your rule is always through understanding and love.

Among those born on this date were: William C. Whitney, financier and statesman; Cecil Rhodes, empire builder and philanthropist; Herbert Spencer Gasser, physiologist and Nobel prize winner; Mrs. Sarah Siddons, actress; Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., statesman; Admiral David G. Farragut, U.S. Navy, and Phineas Taylor Barnum, circus manager.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 6

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A fairly calm day, but there can be some family discord. Play the role of peacemaker in all arguments.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Most aspects are favourable, although there may be changes in plans to which you will need to adjust tactfully.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is a day of unexpected incident. Calm, tactful, diplomatic action will keep things under control.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You could get involved in a controversy today. See that it doesn't turn into a lasting quarrel.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Seek spiritual guidance if confused on any issue of great importance to your future. Then act decisively.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A fine Sunday if you stay calm and keep out of other people's troubles. Just don't let yourself get involved.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Follow your normal Sunday routine, even if on vacation. Evening can bring complications unless you do exactly that.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can control your affairs if you keep your head, even in the face of a crisis. Act wisely at all times.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't try to give advice to anyone unless asked for it directly. And then be very tactful and diplomatic.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you have had a strenuous weekend so far, plan to get a little rest today—especially if it's back to work tomorrow.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The mind as well as the body occasionally needs rest and the relaxing of tensions. Let this be one of the occasions.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Worry never helped anything. If you can't solve the problem, forget it for now. It's the only way to keep your peace of mind.

BORN today, you must learn not to be ruled by impulse. You are loyal, generous and kindly toward all. Often you expend energies to help someone else which you should be utilizing for your own benefit. Make sure that those you help are worthy of it. Your affections are near the surface and you will be happiest if you wed fairly young. You will enjoy having a large family of your own, for you find your greatest pleasures within the home circle.

You have a real talent for the written and the spoken word and you should do well in some profession which calls upon you to make use of these talents. Music and all the arts appeal to you, but it is likely that you will be most proficient in the realm of literature, history or philosophy. You would never be completely happy in business or finance, so don't attempt it. Find your niche in the cultural world and stay with it.

It is likely that if you hold fast to your ideas and do not attempt to do something you dislike, you will reach an early success. Never let yourself be persuaded against your better judgment in a matter calling for careful decision. Outside advice will only serve to confuse the issue and cause personal unhappiness. Stick to your ideals and you will find contentment.

Among those born on this date were: John Paul Jones, Colonial naval hero; Ashbel Green, early president of Princeton; Roger Ward Babson, statistician; Daniel Colt Gilman, educator; and Paul Keller, German editor and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 7

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Back to work again! First things come first. Handle an important business matter efficiently.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Regulate satisfactorily financial and property matters involving a domestic or business partner. A good day.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Take the lead in initiating a new plan of procedure. Bring it to the attention of those who can approve it.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—It's back to work today—end a busy time if it is too. There are important matters that need settling.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Get in the lead and demonstrate that you know exactly what you are doing. You can accomplish a great deal today.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Personal affairs combine with job interests and keep you very busy. You will have to keep your eyes to keep up with events.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A fine day. You might be in line for a raise. At least, you can hope!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Initiative counts today and tomorrow. See that you take the lead in a matter of signal importance.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You may be tempted to take a risk, but make very sure that it is justified. Then, if so, go ahead. You may win!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This can be your most fortunate day this month. Recognize a good opportunity and seize it without hesitation.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Concentrate on your major interests. If you wait, most could be at hand.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—The world is calling a fast pace today. You will have to keep your eyes to keep up with events.



A shaggy dog style by Jacques Dessanges for the young, romantic face. Hair shade is deep amber.

THE young lovelies who presented the latest French hair-styles looked like shaggy Yorkshire terriers, cables Faith Shipway from Paris.

They were proud to be wearing a new bow on their forelock or a prize-winning cockade, with streamers falling over the cheek.

The shaggier the better is the rule for the new young and carefree heads.

This "swelled head" look is all part of the current baby doll fashions, worn with knee-length skirts or the more subtle chemise, dangling earrings and long ropes of pearls.

Secret of these airy, bouffant styles is undercoating. It gives volume to even the skimpiest locks.

Hair has a rounded shape and the more you run your fingers through it, and the more waves you pull round the face, the better.

Parting is a matter of preference. At the side, in the middle, or not at all. But it must be short and cut square in the nape of the neck.

Colours range from a tawny shade of amber to real carrot or deep mahogany.

For evening, pin a small fallowed bow in the middle of the forehead fringe. Or let the eyes or bangs fall slightly forward on the crown of the head. Side bows with streamers are really for the very young.

(London Express Service).

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ABOVE: The commissioning ceremony of HMS Davenham, one of the two new Royal Navy minesweepers which arrived here three months ago, at HMS Tamar, earlier this week. The minesweepers will be put on patrol duties with the Hongkong Frigate.



ABOVE: A farewell tea party in honour of the Acting Chief Justice and Mrs T. J. Gould (first and second from right) was given at the Harold Smyth Room, St John's Cathedral, recently. They are pictured here with Mrs R. G. Hutcheon, one of the guests.

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS



ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor attends the Canadian Dominion Day reception at the Hongkong Club this week. He is pictured chatting with (l-r facing camera) Mrs W. Miner, Mr Smalley (President of the Canadian Club) and Mr C. M. Forsyth-Smith, Canadian Government Trade Commissioner. At right Mr Smalley is seen laying a wreath at Salwan Military Cemetery during a remembrance service for Canadian dead of World War II. LEFT: Major H. F. Smalley, Executive Director of the Hongkong Tourists Association, cuts the ribbon marking the opening of the new \$3.5 million Ritz Hotel in North Point earlier this week. Some 500 guests toured the 60-room hotel after the ceremony. RIGHT BELOW: Mrs G. Oxorio (right) helps herself to a piece of cake from Mrs R. T. Eng during an "Open House" in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Hongkong Women's International Club, Gloucester Hotel, recently.



ABOVE: Mr Li Po-kwai, a founder of the San Wui Commercial Society, receives a souvenir tray from Mr T. C. Yuan, after laying the foundation stone of the four-storey primary school building of the society at Kui Yin Fong, Western District.



LEFT: The Hobbies Display stall at the Open Day of the Yauwatt Government School held earlier this week.

RIGHT: About 450 officers and men of the 1st Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment, disembarking at Kowloon Wharf earlier this week. They will merge with the East Lancashire Regiment in accordance with the re-organisation of the British Army.

BELOW: Brigadier R. Hummerston, the Rev. K. L. Stumpf and Col. F. E. Jewkes (l-r) at the quarterly parade of the Youth Section of the Salvation Army recently.



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BAREFOOTED. Marylin Palmer, 17, won third place in Radio Hongkong's "Beginners' Please" programme recently when she sang, snapped and swayed her way through "Somebody Stole the Wedding Bells." The amateur talent contest was won by Miss Phyllis Ho. At left, Miss Eileen Woods, who presented the prizes at the conclusion of the finals, congratulates programme's compere John Wallace on a job well done.



★ ★ ★
ABOVE RIGHT: The Rev. V. Lewis presents a bible to one of the Salvation Army cadets who was recently commissioned into service at a dedication ceremony held in the Salvation Army Hall, Nathan Road.



TWO highlights of the grand charity concert sponsored by the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals recently. Above: a group of dancers in period costumes put on a graceful act for the large audience who helped to raise funds for a new Kwong Wah Hospital in Kowloon. Right: A spectacular Lion dance animated by two talented members of the Chen Lung Chui Tong, a sports club.



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Mr and Mrs Robert Liang after their wedding at the Registry earlier this week. The bride is the former Miss Teresa Coleman of New York and Los Angeles. The groom is on the staff of the Hongkong bureau of Time-Life International. — Photo by courtesy.



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Tan Peng-kian after their marriage at the Registry recently. The bride was the former Miss Lily Wing-kwan Chan.

ABOVE: Major and Mrs G.E. Hudson after their wedding at Garrison Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Sandy Holt.

ABOVE: Dr and Mrs Chan Leong-guan after their wedding at Rosary Church this week. The bride was formerly Miss Rose Becky Chan Bick-kaye.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs J. Hogan after their wedding at St Teresa's this week. The bride was formerly Miss Delysia Marie-Sequeira.

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BRIDAL group at the wedding of Mr. Lawrence Hing-lun Fung, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Fung, Ping-fan, and Miss Leatrice Sau-lan Lock, at Holy Trinity's St Andrew's Church on June 22. L-R: Misses Helen Sogo, Barbara Wong, the bride, the bridegroom, Messrs Robert Hing-pia Fung (groom's brother), Allen Lock, Kenneth M. C. Fung and Cyril M. C. Fung, Miss Elizabeth Chor and Master Bruce Chor. — Photo by courtesy.

The Restaurant in Kowloon



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



BETTER HOMEMAKING

NEW CARPETING HELPS COVER THIN SPOTS

By Kay Shorwood

GOOD news for brides who are feathering their nests on pincheppy budgets is to be found in some of the recent improvements in home furnishings.

Most notable, perhaps, is the evidence in furniture and floor coverings that smart style and good quality can be reasonably priced.

A few years ago shopping for budget-priced furnishings, especially rugs, usually turned up a limited selection in a narrow colour range and old-fashioned patterns; the most we could say for them was that they probably wouldn't show the soil.

IT'S POSSIBLE NOW to combine that practical virtue with lively colour and high-fashion styling. And you need not soar off into the high-altitude prices per square yard.

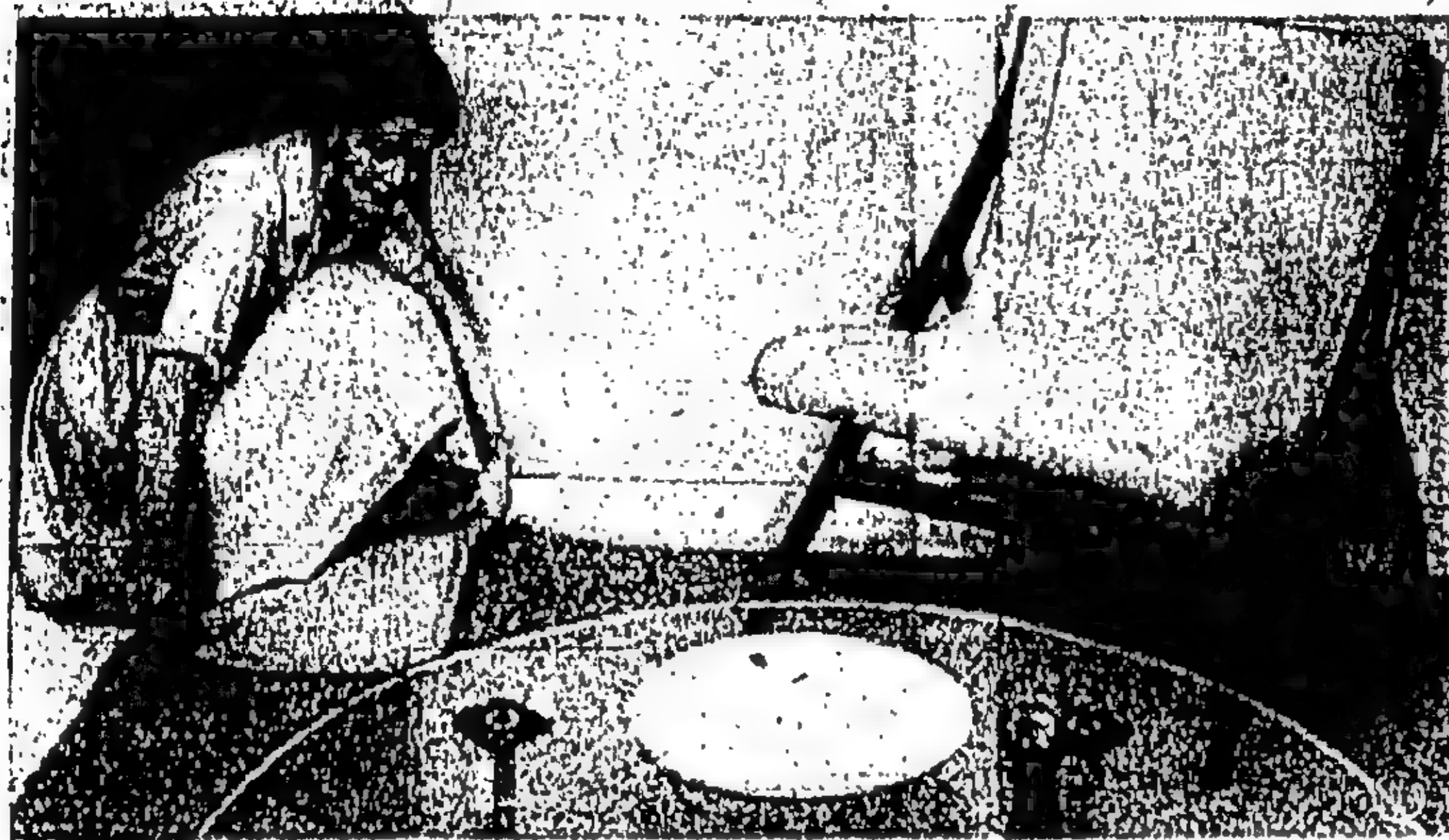
You can find quality rugs in a low price range, and backed by the reputation of manufacturers.

For brides and young homemakers, room-size rugs or smaller area rugs are particularly appealing because they can be transported readily from home to home.

The virtue of a rug pad, which usually is modestly priced, is prolonging the life of the rug, and to give a more luxurious softness underfoot should be remembered.

AN INNOVATION of interest is the permanent bonding of a cushiony pad to the rug backing.

One example: a loop-textured, solution-dyed carpet backed by urethane foam.



Textured, room-size rug, in tweedy mixture has its own pad of urethane foam bonded to the back. Rug complements Y-chair in blue and white and sets off glass-topped table.

Available in room-size rugs and as wall-to-wall carpeting, this is shown in a colour range of solid sandalwood, green, pewter and so on.

Tweed effects combining beige and off-white or black and white are also seen. They look more interesting to me with modern furniture than the solid tones.

Another good example of new carpets beamed toward young budgets and youthful tastes is a wool item which combines natural white wool yarns in a cobblestone pattern against contrasting tweed backgrounds.

The pattern is supposed to have been suggested by the cobblestoned streets of old Italian villages. The overall effect, however, is as interesting with modern as with provincial furniture.

Colour combinations, such as natural on walnut, and blue or natural on gold or turquoise, suggest that this is a much more expensive carpet than it is.

ANOTHER AREA in furnishings design where improvements have been made that should prove valuable and interesting to young shoppers is tables. We need tables for a variety of purposes but floor space is often limited.

Truly versatile tables are a boon. There are tables, for example, with two sets of folding legs—one set raises the top to card table height, the other set permits it to be lowered to coffee table height.

Lamp tables with hinged lids for concealed storage—some are large enough to hold bedding for the sofa-bed combination—are gaining in numbers.

Low tables that combine dining and serving or coffee table functions include one, with a heavy glass top 42 inches in diameter set on a brass base. It is fitted with large, easy-rolling brass casters.

IS KNITTING 3,000 YEARS OLD?

By JOHN FALKLAND

Knitting is one of man's oldest crafts. It is practised internationally. No one knows where knitting originated, but relics reveal how it spreads from country to country.

NOBODY knows where knitting was born. But it is many centuries old. Its earliest traces are among the nomadic tribes of the Arabian Desert.

It is not so difficult, however, to speculate on how the craft arose. Man saw grasses interlaced by the wind and this prompted the idea to weave. Technically, knitting differs from weaving in that the former needs two threads, one moving horizontally and the other vertically.

Known as Sprang, relics of fabric marking the transitional stage from weaving to knitting have been found in northern Scandinavia and certain Viking tombs. Excavations, too, have yielded fragments of needle knitting of the ancient civilisation of Peru.

These isolated specimens of early craftsmanship form part of the natural evolution of knitting. They also supply a rough idea as to age. The desert nomads, for instance, were making sandals

about two or three centuries before the birth of Christ. The shaping of the toe and heel implies that this was the final phase of a long evolution, and that people were knitting perhaps 1,000 years before Christianity began.

Arabic colour knitting was a parallel development with the sprang. This, too, centred about the toe and heel. It is an elaborately patterned fabric worked on a tension of 88 stitches to the inch. Pointing to the two-needle technique so well known today, it doubtless inspired Spanish and Florentine knitting.

Coptic Caps which have been brought to light in Africa and Europe were also worked in patterned designs. Most probably traders took these from Egypt to Spain, giving the initial impulse from which Spanish knitting was derived.

FROM SPAIN

From Spain, the craft's popularity spread throughout Europe. In the later Middle Ages knitting guilds sprung up in Paris and Florence. The

French tradition was concerned chiefly with hosiery knitting, using single-coloured yarns to produce fine lace fabrics that quickly became the envy of the Courts of Europe. When Marie Montague, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth I, copied a pair of French hose she became the founder of the hosiery trade in England.

The colour tradition thrived in Florence, and in museums in various parts of the world there are exquisite specimens of Florentine coats knitted in wools. Indeed, knitting flourished wherever its seeds were planted. In Austria and Germany heavily cabled and knotted fabrics were worked in natural wool. An interesting development of the Austrian and German knitting is still to be found on the Isle of Aran off the Donegal coast. There they produce fishermen's sweaters in Aran knitting, resembling very closely the embossed knitting of Central Europe.

Holland adopted a more sober approach to knitting. An embossed tradition developed in which flowers, birds and animals were worked on the fabric in reverse stocking stitch. The craft travelled from Holland to Denmark in the sixteenth century. Preserved with a pair of knitted hose, the King of Denmark was so delighted he decided that his subjects should learn to knit.

A number of Dutch knitters were invited to settle outside Copenhagen to teach Danish women to knit. When the King issued an edict that no one other than himself and members of his court must wear the finely-knitted hose, the burghers angrily protested. As a result, a second edict allowed them to wear cotton hose. The peasants then took up the cry and a third edict permitted the use of coarse wool hose.

AND PARIS

The mediaeval guilds helped to foster and safeguard the craft of knitting. The Knitters' Guild of Paris, for instance, fully protected the standard of work. After an apprentice had served three years—in which he learned the fundamentals of knitting—he was sent abroad for a further period of three years to acquire knitting techniques which had developed in other countries.

At the end of the six-year period he had to submit to an examination by the master craftsman of his own guild. The work he had to undertake was to knit a carpet measuring eight feet by twelve feet, a woollen shirt, a beret and a pair of woollen socks with clocks.

The carpet had to be of an extremely intricate design built up round a conventional treatment of foliage, birds and flowers, and specimens of these car-

pets which can be seen in Continental museums contain as many as twenty to thirty colours. All this work had to be completed in thirteen weeks.

To protect the guild's good name, heavy penalties were imposed upon any craftsman who violated the rules which governed his calling. He could be heavily fined for shoddy work and, in extreme circumstances, expelled from the Guild. This could be a serious matter because the Guild controlled the sale of his work.

Centuries ago knitting was done by men. The women would sit in their homes and spin while the shepherds and fishermen, who were probably the first knitters, took the wool on to the mountainside and in their fishing boats to make it into garments for themselves and their families. It is not known at which point this homely craft became organised into one of the great guilds that thrived in mediaeval Europe.

ENGLAND TOO

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, hand knitting suffered a blow. The Rev. W. Lee, a minister of the Reformed Church, invented a frame knitting machine. From this simple device grew the machine-knit hosiery industry in Britain and the rest of the world.

After Elizabeth's reign, hand knitting declined. A new machine, the Cotton, was introduced quickly on the Continent. But in England hand-knitted hosiery developed into a staple industry of the Yorkshire Dales. One famous product was the Cavaler's Stock Hose. The shaping of this fabric subjected the knitter to a severe test. As a result, a second edict allowed them to wear cotton hose. The peasants then took up the cry and a third edict permitted the use of coarse wool hose.

In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, these Dales craftsmen found knitting a profitable occupation. Merchants collected their products where they were made and sold them in the London and Bristol Markets. Finely-knitted hose would sell for as much as £2 a pair. As the average knitter could make two pairs each week, these craftsmen were earning the equivalent of £8 to £10 weekly by present standards.

The birth of the machine age witnessed the decline of hand knitting as a home industry in England. Until the early eighteenth century, the frame-knitting had worked mainly in their homes. Now they migrated from London to Nottinghamshire, where they formed themselves into family groups which later consolidated themselves into manufacturers of machine-knitted hosiery.

Gradually, the Dales no longer prospered and the knitters soon found themselves living in a state verging on poverty. Machinery had come to stay.

A Baby Anchor That Sets You Free

By JOY MATTHEWS

BIGGEST success story for the nursery I've seen for years: the baby chair that clamps down in the bath with powerful suction cups so strong that even the heftiest baby can't move them.

It's the only thing I've seen that allows a mother both hands to both her baby instead of one hand permanently holding the babe's head above water.

The chair itself is made of pink or blue plastic with a soft cushiony seat, and an adjustable strap that has six different poppers to allow for bulging tummies.

The hospital matron who vetted it, said: "It's a wonderful idea—but whatever happens babies should not be left sitting alone in the bath."

No fears about restricting the baby. He can splash much more happily, sitting in the baby anchor than he could before. It is on sale in the shops now: price 22s. 11d.

IT HELPS TO HAVE A STAR FATHER

DON'T put your daughter on the stage doesn't apply to the families who know the business.

Juliette Mills, 16-year-old daughter of John Mills, is starting her career on the boards next week in a Cielgud production.

"I've always wanted to go on the stage—I've written plays too. I didn't even bother to take my General Certificate," she said. "It isn't the money... Daddy has formed a company, and everything goes to him. I get a set allowance every year for clothes—not much I'm afraid."

Miss Mills doesn't seem to know much about the future. "Can't think what will happen if I go on earning money like this. I'll have to speak to Daddy about it," she said.

Miss Mills is just one of the daughters of actors who are taking the rocky road to fame.

Sarah Marshall, 25-year-old daughter of Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, is making the headlines in "The Velvet Shotgun."

"It is not the family name that helps when you get started," she told me. "It is the people your people know who matter. I got my first part because mother met Lynn Fontanne at a party. It was a big part too."

THE DRIP-DRY HAIRDO ARRIVES

EASY to wash and needs no ironing, that's the new drip-dry hairdo that has been dropping and drying its way all over the Californian beaches.

It's the wave that's all set for the waves—neat as a pinhead, pretty as a magnolia, easy to wash as a piece of nylon. Once it's done it rests itself.

First you start with a really good cut. No screams at the sight of scissors: the hair must be cut right into "carved out" as if it were wood. No tapering, no razors, just cut chunkily all over to a steady two or three inches. The trick is to have it longer in the front than at the back, the last layer at the back being shaped.

Then, if you need it, a perm. The softest possible on the biggest rollers. If you do your own perm see that the curls all face the same way—to the front.

After the perm set in big pin curls the size of a penny, not a shilling, and brush the place. Combs are forgotten with Drip Dry hairdo.

After swimming, roughly dry with a beach towel, then brush into shape. Always brush upwards and round—never brush downwards. Use a little cream dressing before and after brushing.

TWO EYE-CATCHERS FOR THE BEACH

READY to bathe, better, better. Two new versions of the classic winners. FIRST: A simple "skin suit" of a bathing dress in a sort-of-silk nylon mousseline. The

shape—completely simple with shoulder straps, a low, low back for special cheek view. SECOND: Short, short shorts—Italian, cut in tiny gingham checks of pink blue or mauve, lined with cotton.

MAKING UP—WITH A PAINT-BOX

NICOLE MAUREY, fellow French actress, is artistic about make-up. "But yes," she said, "I use the paint-box and the paint-box."

"For day I only use lipstick, but at night I let myself go. I use a slick make-up and then dab it with cold water. Then I powder like a clown and brush off with a little brush."

"My lips I outline with an ordinary red crayon, and then I paint inside with an ordinary sable paint-brush. I keep my lip-sticks in a little paint-box, and mix the colours on my lips with the brush—just like an artist—until I get the right colour."

LOOSE TALK

The loose silhouette may be with us for 10 years, says designer Lucy Aldrich. "It will exist as a period in fashion until designers have made every possible variation. And the possibilities for variations seem almost endless, from the trapeze skirt and gown to the high-waisted, floating shape, fitted skirt and loose back, and so on," he said. Aldrich was one of the first promoters of the chemise.

St Louis designers go for double-duty styles. They show, for example, a gown in a contrasting cotton. The gown can be worn zipped shut for a tailored effect. With the zipper open, the skirt becomes full at the side.

Terry cloth gets the glamour treatment for the beach. It shows in sarongs, playuits, ponchos, hooded jackets, and in traditional beach robes.

Latest now goes into T-strap shoes. The material gives a textured look to the straps and helps them hug the instep. It's also used to band tights on summer casual shoes, and in the new boot-like shoes with bulky knit tops for autumn.

John Cobb, men's fashion designer, says his treatment of leather and fur comes from pioneer days. "The men who worked the plains to found the nation made coats of leather and fur for practical warmth and comfort. I have merely brought them into the wardrobe of the 20th century man," he said. Cobb shows a jacket of black leather and "a South-west African" Persian lamb full-length evening coat of Mongolian cashmere trimmed with Persian and a full-length leather coat.



Chopped Chuck Steak Now In Glamour Class

WHAT cut of beef do you consider the most glamorous, Chef?" I asked.

"The filet mignon, Madame," he replied. "Especially when wrapped with sliced bacon, broiled and topped with lemon or chives butter. It makes a glamorous, tasty service."

EXPENSIVE DISH

"But it's also expensive, Chef," I added. "Why can't we model a service on it, using chopped chuck steak made into patties and broiled?"

"It certainly is possible, Madame. I'll soon and out, and we'll taste-test for lunch."

In less than half an hour, the Chef knocked on my study door. "Luncheon is served, Madame," he announced, with a wide sweep of his high bonnet.

Mix in 1 c. whole bran, let stand 10 min. Add 1 1/2 lbs. twice ground chuck or beef (or use good quality, twice-ground, hamburger) and mix thoroughly.

Form into 8 x 1 in. thick patties. Wrap a full-sized strip of bacon around each and secure with wooden picks.

Broil 3 in. from the heat until the bacon is crisp, about 10 min. Turn once.

Arrange the "mignons" in the middle of a platter. Top with a little butter. Border with fluffy Spanish rice.

Spanish Rice: Melt 5 tbs. fat or meat drippings. Add 1 small green pepper diced, or 1 chopped canned chili pepper, 1 sliced good-sized onion and 1 1/2 c. instant pre-cooked rice.

Cook-stir over a high heat until lightly browned. With a fork stir in 2 c. hot water or



AN INEXPENSIVE entrée that's glamorous, too. Consists of Broiled Chopped Chuck "Mignons" with Spanish rice.

The bacon-rolled "chopped chuck mignons" were so delicious and succulent that we decided to feature them in today's menu.

DINNER

Torped Mixed Greens Salad
Broiled Chopped Chuck "Mignons"
Spanish Rice
Green Peas
Rhubarb-Pineapple Compote
Coffee
Tea
Milk

An entertainment is lavishly prepared to serve 4 to 6. Recipe for Chopped Chuck Mignons: Combine 1 1/2 lbs. twice-ground chuck, 1 small green pepper diced, or 1 chopped canned chili pepper, 1 sliced good-sized onion and 1 1/2 c. instant pre-cooked rice. Cook-stir over a high heat until lightly browned. With a fork stir in 2 c. hot water or

beef bouillon, 2 (8 oz.) cans seasoned green peas, 1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate and 4 drops Tabasco. Bring to a rapid boil.

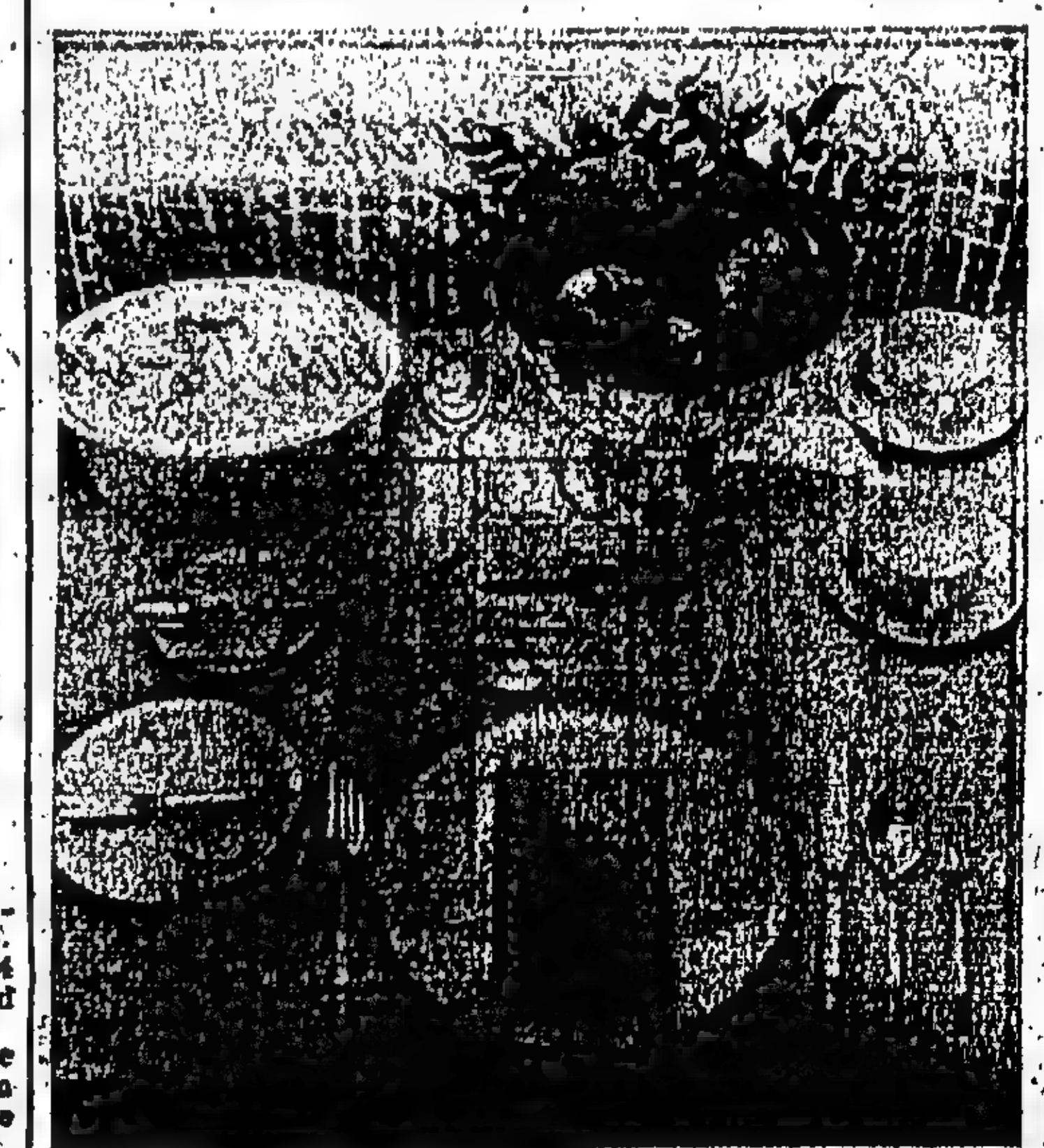
Simmer 10 min. or until the rice is bite-tender. Stuff with a fork when arranging on the platter.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

For a change, combine cooked green peas with cooked frozen cauliflower. If the cauliflower is cooked in water (blanching), a little white wine or lemon juice as well as salt, it will not discolor.

Cook, covered, until barely tender. Season the combined vegetable mixture with minced chives or scallions.

Danish Table Setting



Cool beauty of Danish table setting, with soft steam of morning place setting.

In Denmark the folded napkin, Dessert spoon, fork and fruit are usually set on the place. The bread and butter, on another plate, with a butter spreader is placed with the fruit. The glass, at the left side, of the dining table and left.

Fresh fruit in a large bowl. In the Danish table setting, a separate plate for coffee is set above the butter plate. Full knives



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SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann

Miss Bardot's co-star is trying to live it down



Girl with a future

Barbara Lang has platinum hair, a contract with M-G-M and a plum role in *The Party Girl*—in which she plays opposite Robert Taylor and Cyd Charisse. A stunning looking girl, her film bosses predict a big future for her.



WHEN I walked into the restaurant Stephen Boyd was sitting in the corner—sporting a smart grey suit and what looked like a year's growth of hair.

I put a French magazine on the table in front of him.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's got pictures of you and Brigitte Bardot in *The Night That Heaven Fell*," I said.

"I thought you'd like to see it."

The smile left his face like the sea running back from the sand. With a furtive look around the restaurant, he thrust the magazine out of sight.

"Like to see it?" he echoed hollowly. "I've spent the past six months trying to forget about it. The most terrible thing I've ever done. If ever there was a good reason for the British censor to resign—this is it."

He dropped for a drink.

"So far," he said, "most censors have banned it out of hand. I don't blame them. It makes *And Woman Was Created* look like something for children's TV."

He looked at me wildly.

"When I was doing the love scenes with Bardot the director kept urging: 'Do it so we'll get banned. Don't be so damned British. Do it so we'll get banned.'"

"And you did?"

"I had to," said Boyd.

"What," I asked, "is your role in the film?"

"Ah," said Boyd. "A good question. Apart from the love scenes I just stand about looking boggle-eyed at Bardot."

"You and me both," I said.

"Agreed," he said. "But after all I was being paid to act."

FOOTNOTE (1): A copy of the film—presumably in asbestos wrapping—has just been flown to Mr. Frank Sinatra who is contemplating making a picture with Miss Bardot. As yet he has made no comment.

FOOTNOTE (2): Boyd—a fine actor—has now left Rome where he is to co-star in *Ben Hur*. If the Bardot film ever catches up with him he says he will fling himself under a chariot.

★ the most sensitive part of their lives.

For he has done an unheard-of thing—agreed to star in a filmed television series: *The Four Just Men*, Making him, I believe, the first co-ranking British star ever to sign for a TV series while still making major films.

And putting him in direct competition with himself—for it is quite possible that Hawkins the TV star will be on view at the same time that his latest film *The Two-Headed Spy* is being shown.

What has 47-year-old Hawkins to say about it?

"Listen," they are paying me the same money that I'd get for a big picture. And this series will reach millions of people. I agree that I may be competing with myself, but TV is like breathing—it's just got to be done."

JUST A CHILD!

★ WE are, it seems, all terribly, terribly wrong

★ about Miss Jayne Mansfield, who is over here to make *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*.

For a true picture of the curvaceous Miss Mansfield we must turn to her mother, Mrs Vera J.

"I am," she says, "constantly hurt at certain comments I hear about Jayne. I've heard her described as a 'sexy, dumb blonde' when actually she's just a hairbreadth away from achieving her college degree."

What of Mickey Hargitay, to whom Jayne is wed?

Says Mrs Peers: "He regards Jayne the way I do—as a child who needs protection."

HAWKINS—TV STAR

★ JACK HAWKINS—one of the British film industry's best heavyweights—has landed with a thud on

When A TV Star Goes Off The Rails

From RONALD SINGLETON: Hollywood.

CONCERT-PIANIST Oscar Levant, America's most eccentric fast-rising TV showman, has been suspended from television.

His programme sponsors, a big U.S. TV set manufacturing company, say he—

1. Reduced to tears a beauty contest winner selling their wares;

2. Ruined their commercials;

3. In a sudden outburst advised his audience not to buy their products.

Channel 12, which screened the rehearsed 35-minute Oscar Levant show three times a week, told Levant: "You're out."

Snapped Levant: "I apologise—to the accompaniment of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

The row began backstage at Hollywood's KGO-TV station. Levant is the nervous, twitching, blinking, chain-smoking (85 cigarettes a day) interviewer who plays a bodge-podge of Chopin mazurkas and Gershwin melodies, spiced with tales of his days in a psychiatric ward.

THE ROW

He was told his pretty wife June would not be reading the commercials. Instead Miss America of 1957, Marina McCann of South Carolina, would read them. There was a furious bobbed-the-scenes argument.

During the show technicians signalled to the girl sitting in the studio audience. "Time for your commercial," she rose and walked to Levant's side.

"I know you're in love with me, kiddie," he cooed. But she gave her no time for her own lines. "Upset," she whispered. "I love you, Mr. Levant, but please let me say something. I've my place to say."

The microphones picked up the whisper. The audience uttered, thinking it was a joke, backstage the sponsors' men fumed and gesticulated.

I APOLOGISE

"Sit down—go take your seat," suddenly rapped Oscar. "And when you leave don't turn your back on me or the audience."

The girl suddenly ran out, her face in her hands.

The angry sponsors' representatives suddenly received telephone calls from their company. "I think we should offer passive resistance. The TV set is a good model. But don't buy it."

A note was slipped through a door who was rattling through a cloud of cigarette smoke. He turned to the cameras and said: "I think we should offer passive resistance. The TV set is a good model. But don't buy it."

Said Levant later: "I could have handled that commercial instead of the beauty winner. After all, I can read my own poetry, which is better than those commercials. Despite the exercising of a quipster whim by the sponsor, I apologise."

NOTE: Great names of show business, art, and literature have been asked to appear on this strange unpredictable Oscar Levant show.

Fred Astaire, who turned down a \$175,000 offer (about \$25,000) for one 90-minute TV musical, happily appeared on Oscar's show for 30 minutes—for nothing.

THE STARLET IS OUT!

by Ronald Singleton

Hollywood.

THE days and nights of the Starlet are over. They are no longer choosing the baby-faced, bright-eyed young girls and the fetish of the large bosom, slender waist, lovely legs.

They are tired of them; and what almost always came with them: lack of brains, and no acting sense.

The last of the starlets was Terry Moore, the girl who travelled round in a milk bikini (or was it chinchilla?).

They used to think the starlet would grow and become a star and replace the glittering galaxy of Garsons, Crawfords, and Stanwycks.

It seldom worked. They chose the eyes and bosom and tried to graft on an actress.

The young actresses of Hollywood, 1938, are intellectual, smart, their scripts, seldom date, shun gossip writers. They are different and they call them eggheads, offbeat, oddballs.

They are an odd lot, it is true, but they are responsible for some of Hollywood's best current performances.

RUN AWAY

To name a few, they are Diane Varsi ("Peyton Place"), Joanne Woodward ("No Down Payment"), Suzy Parker ("Funny Face").

I had a date with Diane. It was for one. She was still missing at two. It was whispered: "She's an oddball—unpredictable."

I went out to search for her. I found the girl with blonde hair, white shirt, and tight-fitting black slacks pushing a steaming nine-year-old car along the highway, a baby gurgling in the front seat.

She wore no make-up. It was said, brilliant, remote Diane Varsi, the girl who is getting Hollywood's new limelight.

This girl had a sad upbringing—she had run away from parents, relatives, friends; hitch-hiked, hoboed, slept on the prairie with a basket of apples and hard-boiled eggs by her side.

She hated films and loathed glamour. But she discovered acting and wrote a letter: "Dear Grampa: I want to take acting lessons. So send me some money. Also send me some more, I'm starving."

PRIVACY

She talks alternately of car-burettors, Bela Bartok's Violin Concerto, broke-linings, and Dylane Thomas.

She pays frequent visits to a psychiatrist and admits it is a "Peyton Place" put her in hospital a week.

Diane had not quite found herself but Hollywood had found her and what it would do with her she did not mind.

Some others are not like Diane Varsi but they are serious girls who won't be glamourised. There is no "leg art" department nowadays in the photo rooms of their studios.

JOANNE WOODWARD was a small-town Georgia high school girl. She yearns for a job in the theatre, is happy "not being a film star."

"That," she said in a rich Southern tongue, "would be kinda awful. Kinda invadin' yo privacy."

SUZY PARKER, a French fashion model born in Texas, "I know a lot about fashions, but I'm not interested in them. I only ask that my clothes don't fit too tight. Most American women wear outfits that are too revealing."

WHISPER IT

What changed the grooming of Hollywood's young women from the pin-up style to the bevy of serious-faced actresses of 1952?

It was a technique film men learned from television, they whisper (off the record).

TV put talent first, looks second and didn't worry about breast measurements.

That was the real death of the Starlet.

Dirk The Prowler Should Really Grow Up

MR. DIRK BOGARDE'S new film, *The Wind Cannot Read*, is a would-be serious, sensitive, and passionate story of forbidden love in war-time, with Mr Bogarde cast as the passionate lover.

He is, this time, an heroic RAF officer. Shot down and wounded, he has trudged back through the Japanese lines. Grounded, and unfit for any more active flying, he is sent to "school" in Delhi to learn Japanese. He is to spend the remainder of his war interrogating prisoners taken in the jungle fighting.

But Japanese is a language which takes a long time to learn. Before destiny throws him back into the jungle, it gives him a very long course of extra-mural instruction in the arms of his teacher.

She is a Japanese girl, employed in teaching her language to this assorted batch of very British officers. Fragrant as cherry blossom, pretty, kittenish, and curiously said, "Sabby" (played with a mildly pleasant degree of wistfulness by Miss Yoko Tani), takes Bogarde as her lover without any of that

DEREK MONSEY

at the shows

old-fashioned Western kind of protestation.

Their love flourishes. It can scarcely be called a passionate affair but it certainly goes on. Through a seemingly interminable succession of gorgeous backgrounds—Jalour, the bazaar of Delhi, the romantic climax of the Taj Mahal—they persevere in their extra-martial union of East and West.

Devilish

And at last, though forbidden by Army regulations, they marry. Secretly, quietly, decently. And immediately Fate, in usual devilish form, kicks them in the seat. Bogarde is sent off to the jungle and promptly ambushed by the Japanese and taken prisoner with a fellow officer.

It is not until he is being tortured because he refuses to give away information that he learns why his wife has always been so curiously sad; why, also, she has suffered from headaches and an aspirin compulsion throughout their affair.

He has, incredibly, never inquired. But she is, his fellow officer tells him, a terribly sick woman. She may not live through the brain operation she has to undergo.

Bogarde makes a desperate attempt to escape and succeeds.

Wounded again, heroic again, he trudges back through the jungle and across scorching plains back through the enemy lines. In time to kiss his wife before she dies.

The Wind Cannot Read is an expertly made, beautifully photographed film with some good performances from minor characters.

Feeble

Where it falls primarily is in its feeble half-heartedness in its refusal to deal passionately and honestly with the problems of love and marriage between Englishman and Japanese.

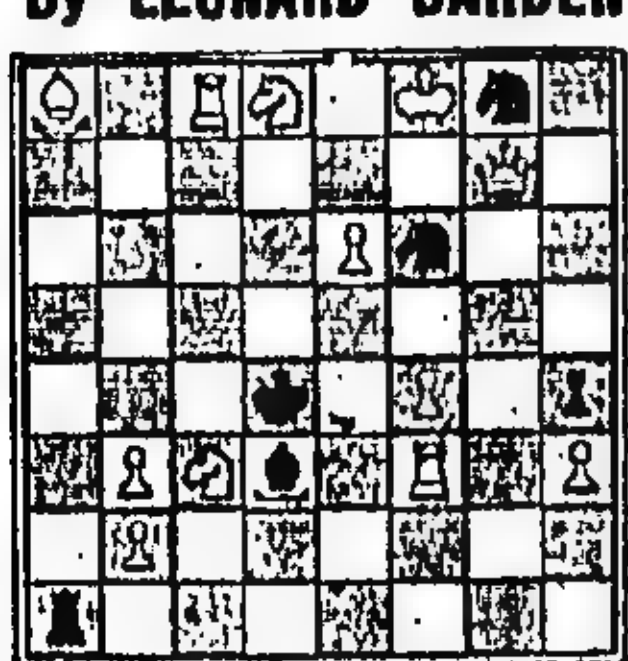
But the most interesting thing about it is Mr Bogarde's performance. This is one of his first films since he was given the right, after years of specialisation in mediocrity, to demand good parts in films worth making.

What comes out, however, is not yet the maturing of an actor. I persist in considering better than he looks. Bogarde has still got his hooks into the Peter Pan racket. In this film, where fire, virility, and a positive attack on the cliché officer type are demanded, he still offers too much of the wry smile, the imperceptibly-quivering stiff upper lip, the spangled pathos in the eyes. He is still prowling the screen, demanding mother love from his millions of female fans.

Bogarde is honest, sincere, intelligent. But in a film of tragic passion and contemporary significance this is not enough.

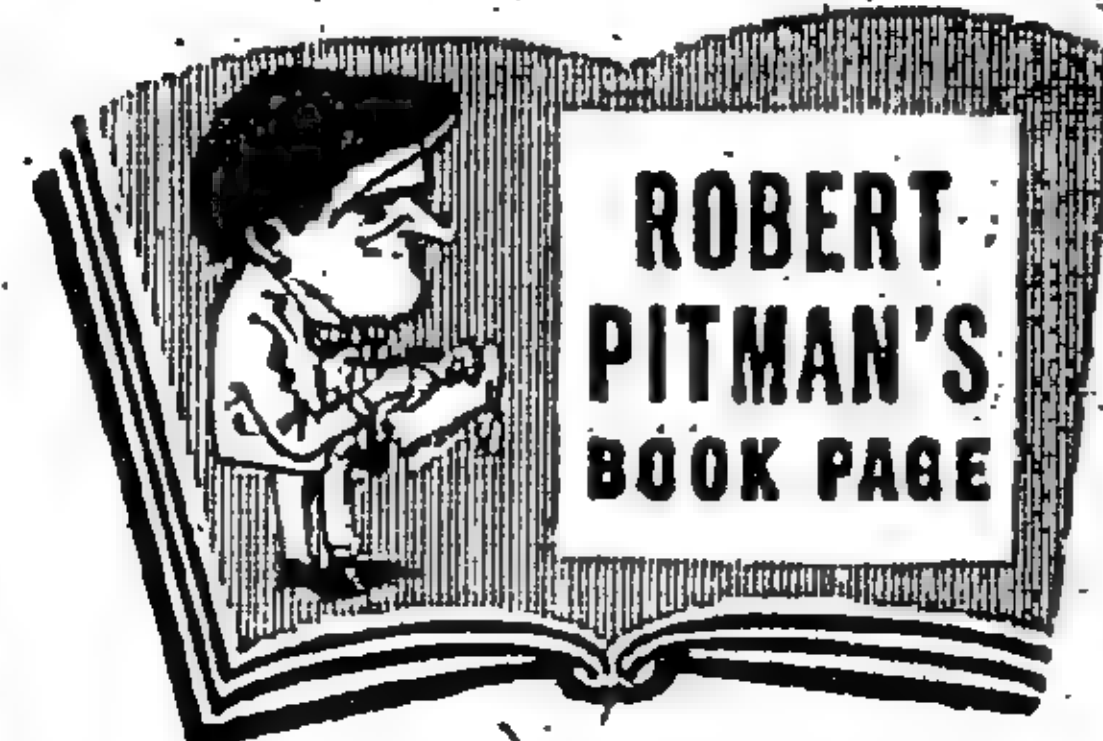
CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



A problem by B. J. de C. Andrade (Chatham and Rochester Gazette, 1952). White to play and mate in two moves.
Solution No. 5493: 1 Kx8 ch, Px8; 2 Q-B8 ch, KxQ; 3 K-B7 ch, K-Kt1; 4 QxP ch, KxQ; 5 B-B8 ch, K-Kt1; 6 Kt-R8 mate.
London Express Service

THE CLERK TURNED HUNTER—HE MADE A FORTUNE



IN utter darkness the clerk's dinghy surged on. No land could be seen; no stars, no moon.

The clerk was in Scotland on his summer holiday. But the holiday was not going quite according to plan. Slowly, away from all the shipping routes, the tiny boat was moving out into the ocean towards Greenland.

It was not drifting. It was being hauled steadily through the darkness by something which was the weight of six saloon cars, by a wide-mouthed, slime-covered monster with a brain the size of a golf ball—a harpooned basking shark.

What had happened? The story is told in **THE SEA MY HUNTING GROUND**, by Anthony Watkins (Heinemann, 18s.).

It begins in a City office on a summer's day. Watkins was posting items into the sales ledger.

Every day of every week that was his sole duty. And, as he sat there with the sun glinting on the office windows he saw with a fearful clearness that it would go like that, year after year, until the sales manager died.

Then came the turning point. Watkins looked more closely at the ledger entry he was making at that moment. It was the sale of two hundredweight of shark oil from Japan for a customer in Scotland.

The memory of a headline

Frowning, Watkins paused. Into his mind came the memory of a newspaper headline about an accident off Scotland. A yacht, in broad daylight and in flat calm, had suddenly disappeared in a cloud of spray.

The wreckage was found to be covered in black, evil-smelling slime. When the battered bodies of the crew were washed up they too were covered in the same black slime.

Experts had concluded that the slime came from a huge basking shark which had leaped from the quiet sea and smashed the yacht to pieces.

In the hot London office Anthony Watkins suddenly saw a door of escape. Could it be possible that bringing shark oil from Japan to Scotland was merely another way of sending coils to Newcastle? Could shark-fishing off Scotland be made into a business?

He visited museum libraries. He consulted experts. He decided that he would catch a shark during his summer holiday. He would send its oil, its skin, its flesh to various industrial firms. It they were interested he could escape at last.

A monster is harpooned

He had hired a motor-launch and crew. From the launch's dinghy a shark had been harpooned near the mouth of the Clyde. The monster dived and pulled the dinghy out to sea. The motor-launch followed at a distance.

For hours, trying to tire the shark, Watkins and his crew took shifts—two in the dinghy, two in the launch.

Evening came. Watkins and one of his crew were in the dinghy. Looking round they noticed that the launch's lights were falling further behind in the dusk. Then they disappeared altogether.

Watkins guessed there had been engine trouble. When it was put right, the launch would catch up.

Only one chance of survival

The hours of darkness stretched on. Then there was a streak of yellow dawn. Now they knew where the east was they realised they were heading away from the Scottish coast towards Greenland. They looked round eagerly as the light grew.

At last they arrived. A firm offered him £25 a ton for the liver oil. Watkins did some calculations. Then he took the plunge. With dignity he told his boss that he had found a promising opening in the oils and fats business in Scotland.

The trials and triumphs of that business Watkins now tells in enthralling detail. He describes the moment when, in a storm with a 30ft. shark hovering over him in a huge wave, he had to aim his harpoon gun upwards.

He describes the problem of killing a shark humanely. (He tried a shot-gun with heavy buckshot, which obliterated the brain. He tried severing the spine with an axe. He tried smashing the head to a pulp with a sledge-hammer. The shark would still struggle fiercely.)

"Parts of its body seem to have a life force of their own without depending on other

brain or spine. If you cut a big chunk of flesh from a shark and strike it with a knife, it will shrink away as if it was a piece of living and feeling tissue."

He totted up the figures....

Finally Watkins brings us to the moment after his return from the war when he totted up the figures in his cabin and found he had made a trading profit of £1,108 in a single week.

What is he doing now? Not long ago Watkins sold his small fleet and his floating factory. He moved with his wife away from the excitements of the Scottish coast to Buckinghamshire.

There he is director of a firm which has pioneered an entirely new industry. Not shark-fishing, of course. The manufacture of plastic poppet beads.

Quotes of the week

"A TEXT BOOK definition of the angry young man of today, both the fictional hero and his real-life creator, might be: A STATE OF TALENT LARGELY SURROUNDED BY INDECISION."

From **THE ANGRY DECADE** by Kenneth Allsup (Owen, 21s.).

Do you want to glitter at intellectual parties? Do you want to show you know what Colin Wilson really wrote about C.S. Lewis? Do you want to tell the difference between Amis and Osborne? This book about the young writers of the 'fifties provides an intelligent and provocative guide.

"I DIDN'T like Martians. I did not fancy having a thing that looks like a sun trawled up by a sun helmet claiming the privileges of a man. I did not like the fact that they could look

all directions at once without turning their heads—if they had had heads, which of course they don't. And I couldn't stand their smell!"

"Nobody could accuse me of race prejudice. I didn't care what a man's colour, race, or religion was. But men were men whereas Martians were things. They weren't even animals to my way of thinking. Permitting them in restaurants and bars used by men struck me as outrageous."

From **DOUBLE STAR**, by Robert Heinlein (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.).

I rule Heinlein above Ray Bradbury and John Wyndham as a science fiction man. Like H. G. Wells, he uses science to get at the politics of the future. As this quote illustrates.

The Jester with a golden touch

★ Watch out when you shake his hand. Beware of the fun in those sparkling eyes. Prince of bookmen William Foyle has an unpredictable sense of humour...

FOR several years a man walked into Foyles bookshop every lunchtime carrying a large packet of sandwiches. As he ate them he read a chapter a day from some volume of his choice—and became extremely cross when a book was sold before he'd finished reading it.

Since some 35,000 customers (including Russia) for books on every subject, the firm tolerates the occasional eccentric—and why not, when Mr William Foyle, the senior director, is proud of being an eccentric himself?

For apart from being what an American magazine called "The Harum of Books," Mr Foyle is also an incurable practical joker. Visit his home at Beeleigh Abbey, Essex, and you are likely to find the door

opened by William Foyle wearing a false red beard. When he shakes your hand you run the risk of an electric buzzer disguised as a ring sending a shock up your arm.

Yet 73-year-old William Foyle, his long white hair suggesting a poet or a prophet, has sharp business acumen as well as a sense of humour.

Twinkling eyes and a penchant for pranks were not sufficient in themselves to develop a "stall" in his parents' kitchen to an internationally famous store with an annual turnover of £2,000,000.

William and Gilbert Foyle, sons of a Shropshire grocer, were intended for the Civil Service. But they failed their entrance exams, advertised their text books for sale—and received no many replies they realised there was money to be made in the book trade.

That was in 1904, when William was 19 and Gilbert 17. Hand work and enthusiasm finally produced the capital for the move to Charing Cross Road, and the business expanded rapidly to become the world's largest bookshop.

Along 30 miles of shelves, divided into 32 departments, 4,000,000 books are stocked about half of them second-hand. Subject matter varies from Advertising to Zoology, and the Oriental Catalogue lists such languages as Acholi, Bini and Ewe.

In addition to personal callers, 35,000 letters are received daily from all over the world

I Talk To Vic Damone...



THE CYRIL STAPLETON COLUMN

I SPOKE to Vic Damone the other day and learned some of the perils of stardom.

"You live in the glare of the spotlight and some of the most insignificant events get magnified out of proportion." He was referring to reports of a rift between himself and his film-star wife, Pier Angeli.

"We have our little differences, like any married couple. They suddenly we find that some isolated domestic life has made the headlines.

"My marriage is very happy. In fact, I'm hoping my wife will be over here shortly. We'll spend a holiday together in Italy before she begins filming there."

Damone has plenty of other reasons to feel happy. His recording of "On The Street Where You Live" has leaped to third place in the British Hit Parade, and stands every chance of going to the top.

"We were hoping for it," admits Vic. "To be honest, that's the main reason for this trip. We want to give the record a push."

Unlike many ballad singers he does not deplore rock 'n' roll. "It's just another form of popular music. I've never been tempted to do it. I believe in sticking to the things I do best."

As a boy Damone used to hang around the Paramount Theatre while Frank Sinatra and Perry Como worked there. Eventually he took a job as backstage lift-boy to be closer to them.

Determined to find out his own chance of becoming a singer, he stopped the lift one day and sang to Perry Como. Como encouraged him with Mark Twain called "Story of a Dog's Tail," which had been published in England.

"I'll give you 400 dollars (at that time £100) for each copy you can send me," said the American.

William Foyle contacted the pamphlet's publisher, and found he had 2,000 copies still in stock—at a penny each. He bought them all, and one by one posted them across the Atlantic.

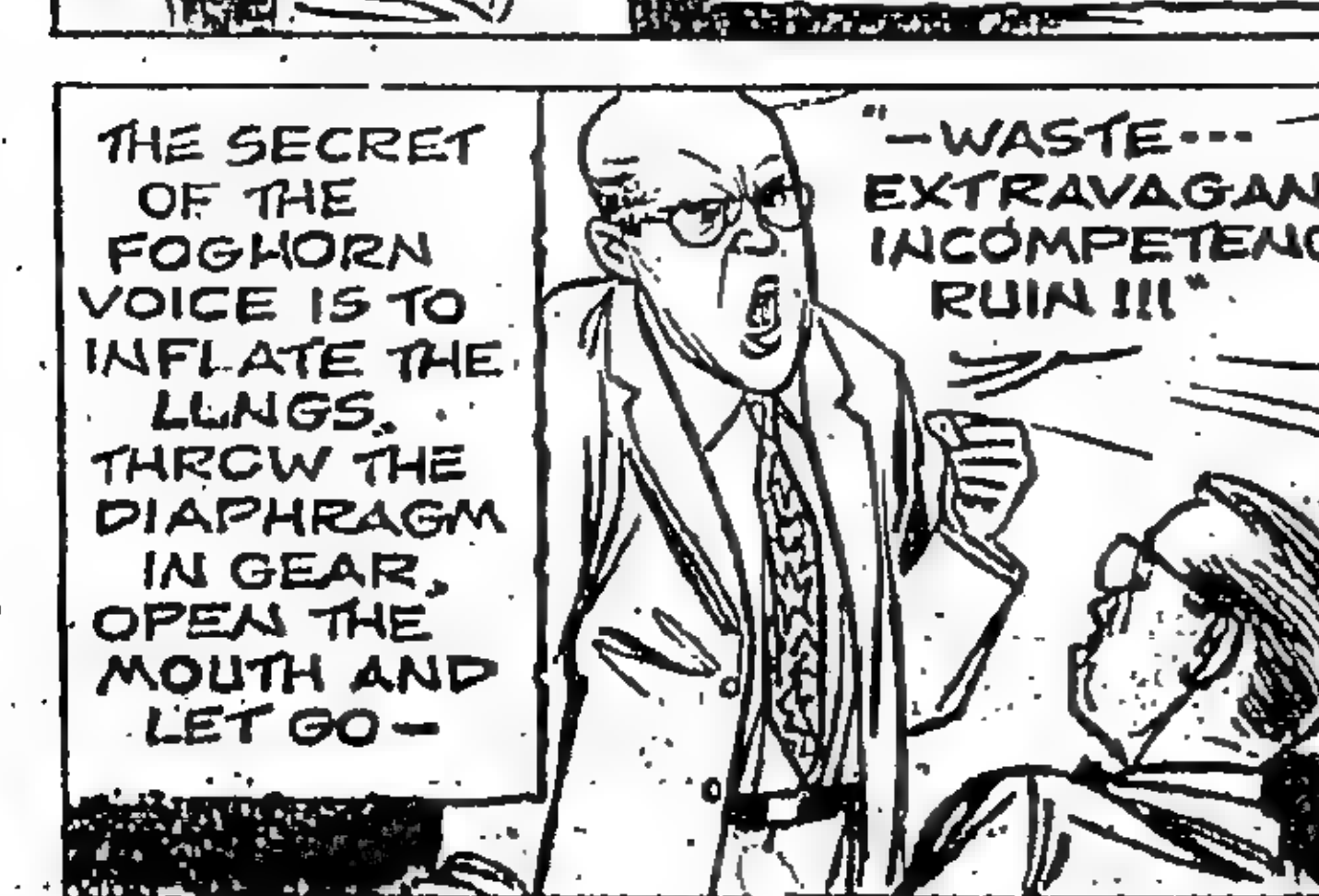
The not unprofitable game continued until Mr Foyle wearied of it, and sold the remaining pamphlets to London dealers at prices varying from £10 to £20 each.

Luck or not, Foyles today are not only the world's largest bookshop, but something of a London landmark.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, HE ISN'T LISTENING—WHAT DID THE TALKING HORSE SAY?"

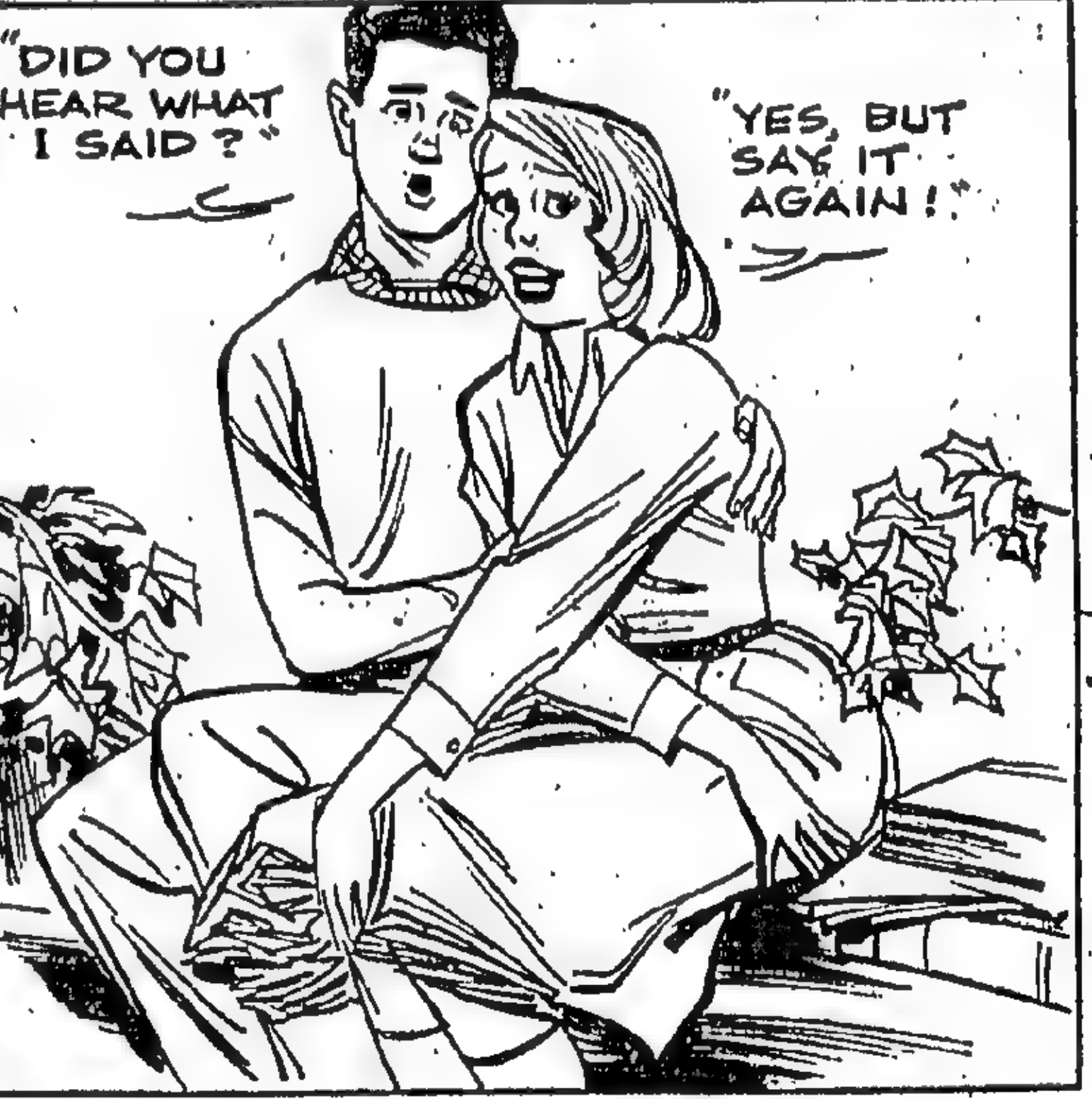


IT'S HARD TO CONVINCE SOME OF THEM THAT YOU CAN'T HEAR THEM DISTINCTLY WHEN THEY STICK THEIR HEAD IN THE REFRIGERATOR AND BROADCAST FROM THERE.



Plain Speaking

By Harry Weinert



NEW SCIENCE FICTION SERIAL ON RADIO HONGKONG

Thursday

★ 8.45 DORIS BAEK AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
"Tango Time."
Dorothy and Freddy: "Emphatic Declaration." Freddy: "Pamela Lindo."
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
★ 9.15 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
"Rumba" and with Donald Scott: "The Big Show." The 15 Minute Chorus, "Slaney Torch" and his Orchestra.
9.30 MOVIES OF OUR TIME.
"Symphony in D Minor." H. B. Vaughan, "Vijayana." Nalor Orchestra.
Comedian: "Big Al." Bill Miller.
9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS AND HOME NEWS REPORT.
10.15 BRETAIN CAP.
Presented by Ted Thomas.
10.30 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWS-REEL.
11.30 FOOTBALL-ENGLAND V. NEW ZEALAND.
End Test match at Headingley.
Commentaries by Rex Alston, John Ariotti, Norman Yardley and F. H. Brown.
11.45 CLOSE DOWN.

★

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 "The Newsweek's" Dailymail.
7.30 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
7.45 SUMMARY.
7.55 MORNING MIDDLY.
8.15 WEATHER REPORT.
8.30 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
8.45 DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.55 WEATHER REPORT.
9.15 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
9.30 PROGRAMME PARADE.
9.45 POPULAR DANCE MUSIC.
10.00 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
10.30 THE 15 MINUTE NEWS.
10.45 WEATHER REPORT.
10.55 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.30 FROM THE SHOWS.

Excerpts sung by The Principals
the London Production.
143 FOR THE VERY YOUNG
Compiled and introduced

Wednesday		Excerpts sung by the Principals of the London Production. 1.40 THE YOUNG Completed and introduced by Hawn. 2.00 CLOSE DOWN 2.30 THURSDAY CLUB Introduced by Herbert Ashton 3.00 TIME SIGNAL 3.30 RECORDS HALF HOUR 4.00 PHILIP GIBBS AND HIS HAZARD ORCHESTRA 4.15 PIANO PLATYNE With Nick Dennis. 4.30 THE GREAT DISSESSMENT by Stephen Spender. 4.55 SPATIAL REPORT 5.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS. 5.10 COMMENTARY 5.15 KING OF THE AIR With Henry Lee, Julie Dawn, Franklyn Boyd, Jean Camp and the Royal Coronet. Race Quartet and Charles and Charles Produced by Johnny Stewart. 5.45 THE WOODLANDERS The play script adapted by Desmond Hadden. 6.00 The Hag-ridden Horse. 6.15 THE HAZARD COMPOSER EUGENE WEARE. 6.45 SPATIAL REPORT With Norris Farnham and his Orchestra. 7.00 SPATIAL REPORT 7.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS AND HOME NEWS FROM RUSSIA 8.05 AT THE BALLET The Ballet of Glyncroby Paris Phil. Orch. conducted by Marcel Rombaldi. 8.30 SPATIAL REPORT 11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS- REL. 11.15 LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC With Alan and his Orchestra. 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.	
9.00	2.15 TIME SIGNAL.		
9.10	LIGHT MUSIC.		
9.15	Paul Weston and his Orchestra.		
9.20	SPATIAL REPORT.		
9.25	2.30 MELODY AND SONG.		
9.30	4.15 WEATHER REPORT.		
9.35	El Abancio (Javalisco)-The Band of the Grenadier Guards cond. by M. Abancio.		
9.40	5.15 DIARY FOR TODAY.		
9.45	5.00 SPATIAL REPORT.		
9.50	5.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.		
9.55	5.10 CRICKET.		
	5.15 The witness account of yester- day's play.		
	3rd Test: England v. New Zealand.		
	5.45 THE WOODLANDERS.		
	5.45 MUSIC IN THE AIR.		
	6.00 The Overture: Schubert Op. 9, No. 14, "Trout".		
	6.05 Love song: Jones; My heart belongs to you: The Magic Mippers; Waltz from Sernade or strings.		
	6.30 CLOSE DOWN.		
12.30	6.30 MUSIC FROM THE WILDS.		
	Invitation: (The song from) The Night; Tummy Love is a Many- Sided Gamme Fable; Frustration. Written on the wind: The song from "Kings go forth"; Another time and place: The song from the Cowboy; Hot Spool; Symphonie Moderne; The Theme from "Man of a Thousand Faces"; Away all boys.		
	7.00 TIME SIGNAL.		
	1.15 WEATHER REPORT.		
	1.30 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCE- MENT.		
	1.50 FOR WOMEN ONLY.		
	1.55 The programme introduced by Jane Allen.		

Company and produced by VARIO
 2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

[illegible]

by Helen Traubel (Soprano)
and Marie Del Monaco (Tenor).
L'Altra notte in fondo al mare

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. MORNING PRAYERS.
St. George's War Station 12.17

[illegible]

"Fanny's Knell", a love-story
by Waldon Hanbury, produced
by William Gillette.

Cast: Evelyn — Joan Watts; Steve, her friend — Weldon Hambury; Paul; James —	MUSICAL INTERLUDE. Charlie Shavers and his rhythm with Maxine Sullivan.
"Thank you, Edmond" a play by Max Asch produced by Rupert Clapham.	7.30 THE BOB AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
Cast: Edmond—Mac Shoub; Gabriel; Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	8.05 THE SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	8.10 THE NEWS.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	8.15 CHORUS OF THE BAVARIAN
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	RADIO STATION.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	8.30 THE MINING THEATRE.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	THE KING OF ISLAND.
—Gerald Brown; Francine — Albert	By L. A. Beece;

10.00	WESTERN REPORT	11.00	THE SIGNAL
10.00	TIME SIGNAL, THE	11.00	MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR.
	AND HOME NEWS FROM		Classical Requests..

[illegible]

Temporary Recordings

Wallon: **FAÇADE**
An Entertainment with Dame Edith Sitwell, Peter Fears
and The English Opera Group Ensemble conducted by
Anthony Collins

Rayol: L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE

with Suzanne Lada (Soprano), Paul Derenne (Tenor)
L'Orchestre De La Suisse Romande under Ernest
Ansermet

Alexandra House, Hong Kong. Tel: 20527

Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. Tel: 63019

Walton: **FACADE**

An Entertainment with Dame Edith Sitwell, Peter Pears
and The English Opera Group Ensemble conducted by
Anthony Collins

Ravel: L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE
With Suzanne Danco (Soprano), Paul Derenne (Tenor)

L. Crumrine, Jr. and Susan Romaine under Trust:
Ansternst

Prokofiev: PETER AND THE WOLF, Op. 67
Arthur Godfrey, Narrator, Andre Kostelanetz and his
Orchestra

Alexandra House, Hong Kong. Tel: 20527

101-63019

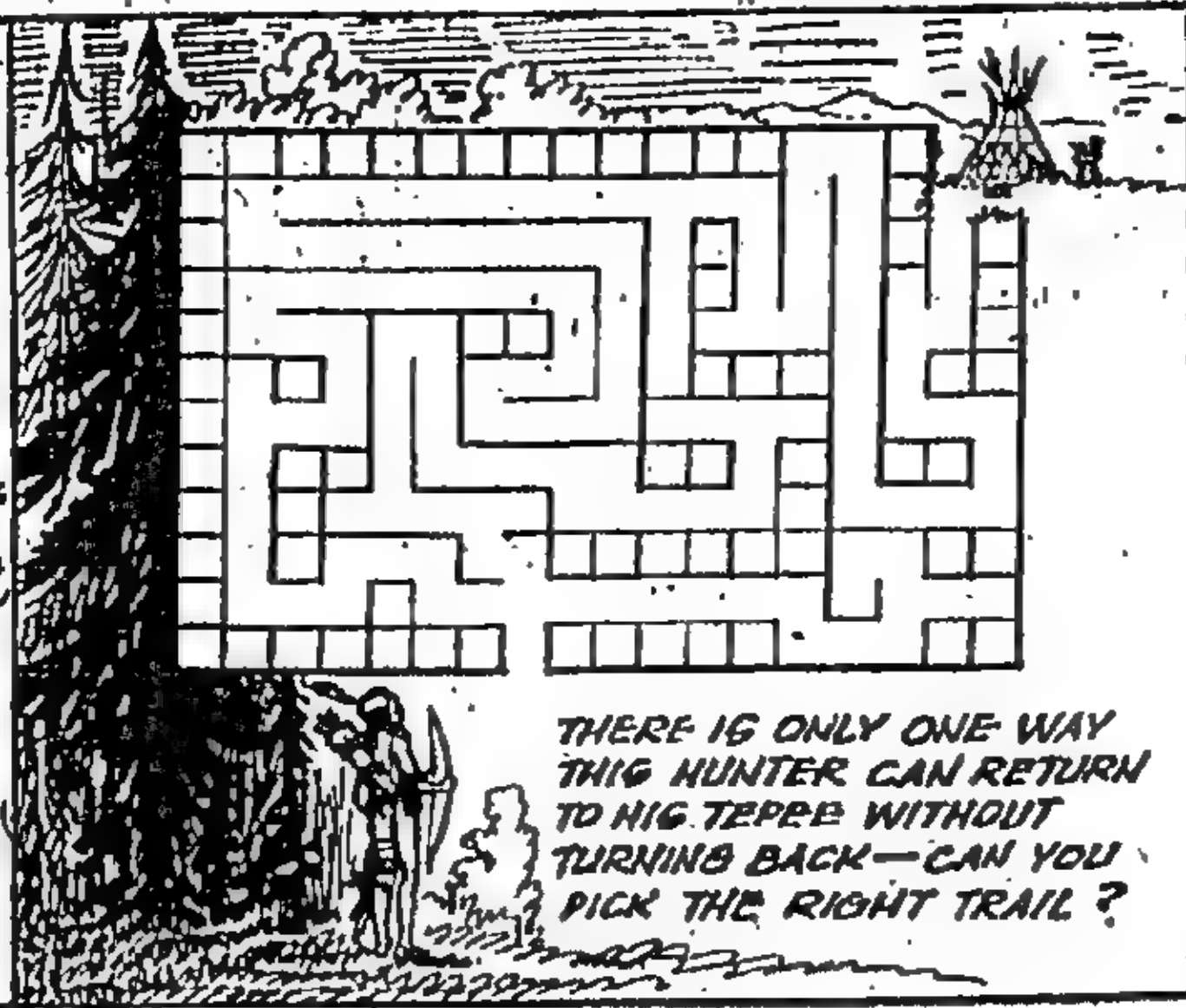
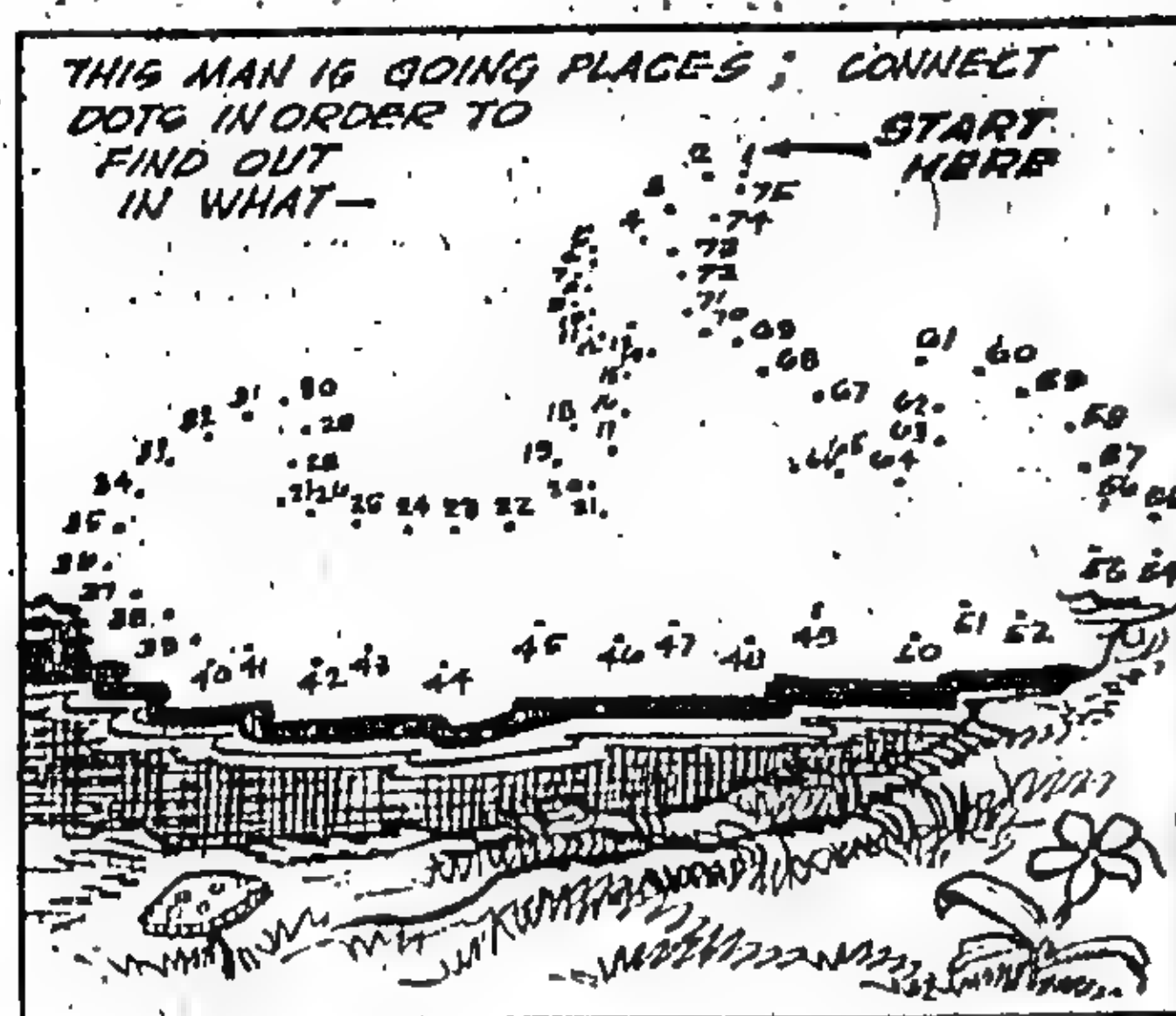
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Pencil Fun—Get Busy And Work These Out



Short Story—Miss MacDougal's Bumbershoot

MISS MACDOUGAL lived in a little tumble-down house on the edge of town. Some folks thought she was a bit queer but most people thought she was wonderful. Timothy certainly thought so. Besides making super-de-licious popovers she could tell exciting stories.



She had sailed all around the world with her father who had been a sea captain. She had personally met the King of Siam and the Bagroo of Bangkok.

Anyone else would have called it an umbrella. And no one else would have called it wonderful. It was large and old and an ugly green colour.

"I'm very glad you asked that," she replied, "or I might have forgotten to tell you." She took a deep breath and said, "It's magic. It can take anyone anywhere if the wind is right."

Timothy did, but thought, "no more—if I want to fly." Then he said, "I think that I had better be going."

"I know just what you are thinking," said Miss MacDougal gaily, "and the answer is yes." The bumbershoot isn't doing much of a thing, but you might as well have it.

Timothy would have minded very much indeed if it hadn't been for the popovers. Now he could eat all he wanted without being afraid of getting too plump to fly.

Adventure—HELICOPTER DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE

CHARLES E. GREEN, JR., 36-year-old ex-pilot, strung an eighth-of-an-inch wire cable across the Grand Canyon of the Colorado by means of a whirly bird.

After the heavy wire had been secured, three successively larger cables were attached and drawn across by means of a powerful hoist drum, the last being a 1½-inch track cable.

By walking-like he contacted the ground crew below and had a man come across the river in a rubber boat. Green then picked him up in his helicopter and lifted him to where the workman could free the cable.

The tramway opens up a hitherto inaccessible store of bat guano found in this cave, which naturally goes by the name of Bat Cave. Scientists estimate that the cave has been in existence for over a million years, during which time vast quantities of guano have accumulated.

It is estimated that over 100,000 tons of this rich fertilizer have been deposited here alone. As plant food and as a source of guano, this known deposit is valued at \$10,000,000.

But Cave is located about 25 miles upstream from Pierce's Ferry, and was first discovered in the early thirties by a young man who sold his claim for \$50.

Legs of cots had to be placed in cans of kerosene to keep scorpions and ants out of the beds.

But with the aerial cable in place it will be possible to move up into the cave itself. Here there are rooms like huge auditoriums, 500 feet wide, 500 feet long, and 100 feet high.

Crazy World—RIDING THE ROCKETS

WITH things going as they are, it seems quite possible that in the year 2000 a ton of coal will be shipped from New York to California in less than 15 minutes.

The accepted "fast freight carriers" of the national transportation system may well be radio-controlled rockets.

It may be practical for the rockets to travel in underground tunnels through networks of automatically controlled radar systems.

Our present concepts of time, space and distance are expected to change considerably by 2000 A.D.



line as a modern freight truck trailer, with the engine cab and the freight section separated.

The rocket freight sections could be loaded at factories, warehouses, and depots, then moved by cables to the "flight area."

At the "flight area" the freight section of the transportation rocket would be joined to the nuclear power section.

Brain Teaser

EACH OF THESE words contains an "inch." By carefully inching down the list see how many of the words you can complete.

1. INCH. A bird.
2. INCH. Part of a saddle.
3. INCH. Squeeze between the fingers.
4. INCH. To wince.
5. INCH. To hold fast.
6. INCH. Leafy green vegetable.
7. INCH. H.
8. INCH. Pad for holding pins.
9. INCH. Small, fur-bearing animal.

Answers: 1. Finch, 2. Cinch, 3. Pinch, 4. Wince, 5. Cinch, 6. Spinach, 7. Inch, 8. Pin, 9. Weasel.

Rupert and the Jackdaw—29



The little pals went to explain about how they got into the house and found the jackdaw. However the Constable gruffly tells them that their story cannot be told until they get to his office and, appraising them firmly, he marches them up the long snow-track.



over the ridges and down the valleys. "There'll be someone else here who wants to hear you be gruff," he says to Rupert, who stops in surprise for who should be standing in the doorway but Margaret and her Mummy!

Make A Spooleroo

To make a spooleroo, you will need a large empty spool, two used match sticks, a rubber band and cardboard.

Now pull the rubber band through the hole in one end of the spool. Fasten it there with half a kitchen match slipped through the rubber band.

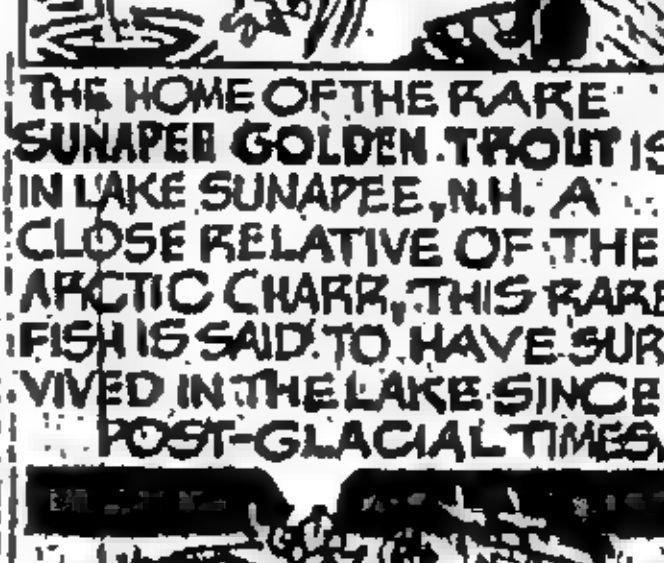
Next, cut a circle from heavy cardboard large enough to cover the other opening in the spool. Make a small hole in the centre of it and slip the rubber band through. Now fasten the rubber band as before, but use a whole used match stick this time.

Now wind up the larger match stick until the rubber band is good and tight. Place on the floor, let go and watch your

THE HOME OF THE RARE



THE HOME OF THE RARE SUNAPER GOLDEN TROUT IS IN LAKE SUNAPEE, N.H. A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE ARCTIC CHARR, THIS RARE FISH IS SAID TO HAVE SURVIVED IN THE LAKE SINCE POST-GLACIAL TIMES.



SWIFTS ARE THE SWIFTEST OF BIRDS. TWO SPECIES IN INDIA HAVE BEEN CLOCKED AT 170 TO 200 MILES AN HOUR.

SECRET WRITING MAKES NOTES GREEK TO OTHERS

SECRET codes have been used for hundreds of years. They have provided fun for children and grown-ups. And they have been used to keep secrets in times of war.

Spies send messages in code that is very hard to read without the "key." The key reveals the secret of the code and makes it possible to change the code message into ordinary language.

Boys and girls can have a lot of fun with a secret code. Two friends or a small group can each have a copy of the key. Then they can write messages which no one outside the group can read. Each person with a key can, however, quickly change the code message into regular English.

Clubs can keep secrets from non-members. Two people can correspond freely and secretly, in code. Even one person, alone, may have a strictly private code diary kept by an Englishman, Samuel Pepys, 300 years ago.

He wrote it in a code or cipher, so he wrote very candidly of himself and his friends. Long after he died his cipher was unlocked and the diary published. Today it tells us many things about that time long ago we might never have known.

The secret code shown here is easy to use. For every letter of the alphabet there is a secret symbol.

To write in this code, spell out your message in ordinary English. Then write it a second time, substituting the symbols for the regular letters.

Your friend, with the help of the key, can decode your message. He simply looks up each symbol and writes the letter of the alphabet that it stands for. So he has the message back into English.

As you use the code you will grow familiar with it and won't need to use the key so much. And here's a surprise! Your friends may say your secret messages look like "Greek" to them.

Well, that's just what they will be. The symbols are nearly all letters of the Greek alphabet.

A-α	N-ν
B-β	O-ο
C-γ	P-π
D-δ	Q-ξ
E-ε	R-ρ
F-φ	S-σ
G-γ	T-τ
H-η	U-υ
I-ι	V-κ
J-ζ	W-ω
K-κ	X-ξ
L-λ	Y-υ
M-μ	Z-ζ

ΣΕΛΡΕΤ ΑΝΔΕ SECRET CODE

The Baron Munch Ocean

—He Started It By Collecting Raindrops—

By MAX TRELL

BARON MUNCH looked out of the window at the rain that fell in a steady downpour. "Rain, rain, rain," he said to Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Nose, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who were visiting him.

"Just look at all those drops," said Knarf. "There must be millions and millions of them."

"Nobody ever does anything with all those raindrops," said Teddy. "They all just fall on the ground and no one pays any attention to them."

Collected Raindrops

"I beg your pardon," said Baron Munch. "I'm one of the few persons who have ever done anything with raindrops. The fact of the matter is, I used to collect them."

Knarf and Teddy looked at Baron Munch with astonishment. They knew that he had often done extraordinary things. But this was the first time that they had ever heard that he had collected raindrops.

Baron Munch sat himself down in his comfortable chair, lit his meerschaum pipe and began his story:

"Now when I was living in the country, with fields and meadows all around me, I used to notice how often the rain fell on the ground. So one day I decided that it was very wasteful to let the drops just lie there. I made up my mind to collect them."

"How were you able to do that?" asked Knarf.

"Well," said Baron Munch, "I used my eyes and saw that as soon as the raindrops fell on the ground, they began forming little puddles."

"Rain puddles?" asked Teddy. Baron Munch nodded.

"I would put on my rubber boots and rubbly and go outside where all the rain puddles were and start putting them together. Spooleroo really, fly."



"Look at those raindrops," Knarf said to the Baron.

"Sometimes I had as many as forty or fifty rain puddles all put together in one big puddle. It would fill the whole meadow. It was such a big rain puddle that it really wasn't a rain puddle any more. It was much more than that."

"What was it?" Knarf asked Baron Munch.

Everything Was Covered

"It was a pond," said Baron Munch. "And all through the year, I went on collecting the raindrops in rain puddles until finally all the fields and meadows around my house were covered. I had much more than a pond now."

"What did you have?" Teddy wanted to know.

"I had a lake. And still I kept on collecting the raindrops that came down all through the year. My lake grew bigger and bigger. I had to build myself a boat to get from one end of it to the other. By and by, fish came to live in my lake. Children came to swim in it."

"And did you go on collecting raindrops ever after you had so many?" Knarf asked.

"Oh yes," said Baron Munch. "I didn't want any raindrops to go to waste. So I kept collecting them every time they fell and I put them into my lake. And pretty soon, my lake grew so big that you couldn't see from one end to the other."

Great Waves:

"Huge steamships" went sailing across it. Great waves moved back and forth. There were sandy beaches along the shores where people came in their bathing suits. It wasn't a lake any more.

"What was it?" Knarf and Teddy asked Baron Munch.

Baron Munch puffed contentedly on his pipe for a minute or so before he smiled and answered.

"It was an ocean. People called it Baron Munch Ocean. It was almost as big as the Atlantic Ocean."

"Well, that shows what you can do with raindrops if you just set your mind to it."

Teddy was about to ask Baron Munch what had finally happened to Baron Munch Ocean when Baron Munch suddenly got up and announced: "He had other work to do."

"I wonder if it's really true," Teddy said sadly to Knarf later.

HOW TO MAKE A BAROMETER

1. FIND A BOTTLE (LIKE A SYRUP BOTTLE) WITH A SCREW CAP.

2. PUNCH A HOLE IN THE CENTER OF THE CAP WITH A HAMMER AND SMALL NAIL. THEN WORK A LARGE NAIL THROUGH IT TO MAKE IT BIGGER.

3. TIE HEAVY STRING AROUND BOTTLE. LEAVE 14 INCH. ENDS OF STRING SO YOU CAN HANG BOTTLE UPSIDE DOWN.

4. FILL BOTTLE HALF FULL OF COLORED WATER (USE FOOD COLORING).

5. BEND A PLASTIC STRAW INTO A SHAPE LIKE THIS. (PUT IT IN REAL HOT WATER TO BEND IT.)

6. SCREW ON TOP. SEAL AROUND IT WITH WAX.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES DOWN, PRESSURE IS GOING UP. IT MEANS WEATHER IS HEAVY.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES UP, PRESSURE IS GOING DOWN. IT MEANS WEATHER IS LIGHT.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES DOWN, PRESSURE IS GOING UP. IT MEANS WEATHER IS HEAVY.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES UP, PRESSURE IS GOING DOWN. IT MEANS WEATHER IS LIGHT.

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WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES DOWN, PRESSURE IS GOING UP. IT MEANS WEATHER IS HEAVY.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES UP, PRESSURE IS GOING DOWN. IT MEANS WEATHER IS LIGHT.

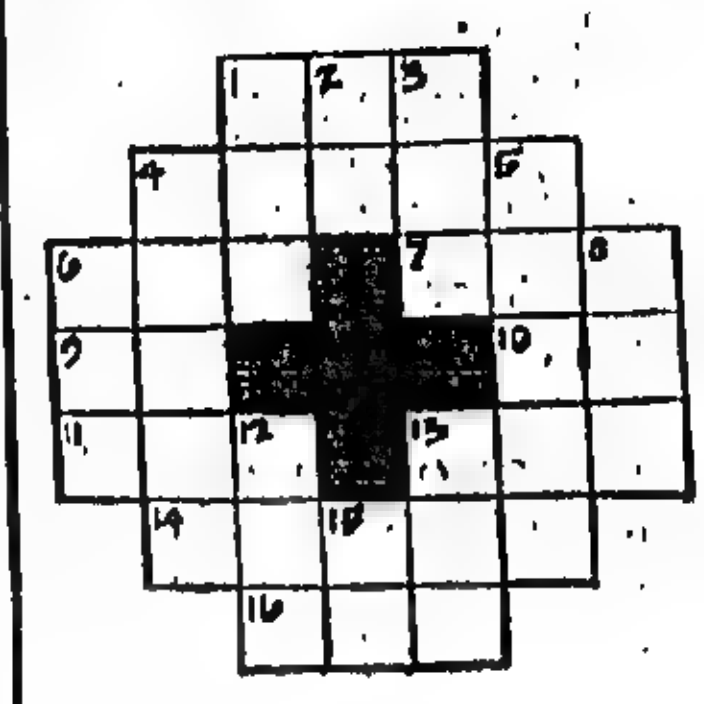
WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES DOWN, PRESSURE IS GOING UP. IT MEANS WEATHER IS HEAVY.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES UP, PRESSURE IS GOING DOWN. IT MEANS WEATHER IS LIGHT.

WHEN WATER IN TUBE GOES DOWN, PRESSURE IS GOING UP. IT MEANS WEATHER IS HEAVY.

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Period
- 2 Sea eagles
- 3 Some
- 4 Not old
- 5 That thing
- 6 Northeast (ab.)
- 7 Beast's lair
- 8 Put to
- 9 Erect
- 10 Compass point

DOWN

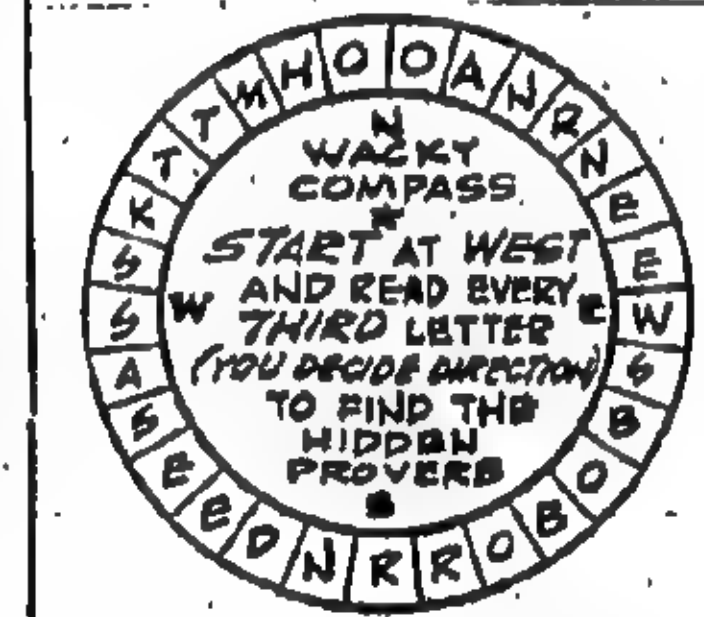
- 1 A'ld
- 2 Preposition
- 3 Number
- 4 Come in
- 5 Dispatches
- 6 Help
- 7 Merry
- 8 Born
- 9 Exist
- 10 While

DROP OUTS

Drop out one letter from each of these words and when you rearrange the letters correctly you'll find a part of your body:

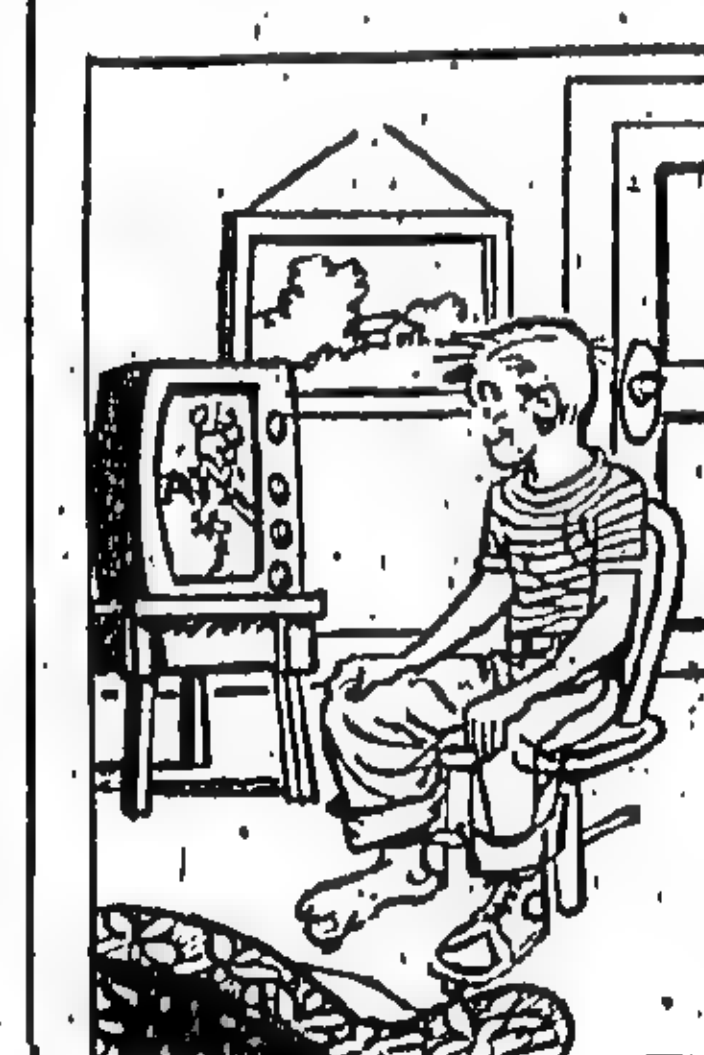
- HEIGHT
- NICKS
- VENER
- FLEET
- SHEAR

WACKY COMPASS



WHAT'S WRONG?

Cartoonist Cal made some mistakes when he drew this picture for Puzzle Pete. Can you find them?



TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete hung his word diamond from CAPTURE. The second word is "reluctant"; third "a volcano on Martinique"; fourth "a large plant"; fifth "to employ"; and sixth "a musical note." Finish the triangle from these clues:

- CAPTURE
- A
- P
- T
- U
- E

(Solutions on Page 20)

GOOD REASON

Teacher: "Fred, you must practice penmanship. I find it almost impossible to read your writing."

Fred: "If my writing improved, you could see what a time I have with my spelling."

—EVELYN WITTER

Now I'll Tell by Rae Johnstone

HOW THE STORY CAME TO BE WRITTEN...

JUST three weeks after I had decided to turn up the riding game M. Pierre Wertheimer, who first retained me to ride in France way back in '32, organised a farewell dinner.

Around me at the Pre Catelan in the Bois de Boulogne, just a few kangaroo hops from Longchamp, sat so many of those I had ridden for—and against—during those 25 years.

Men and women owners for whom I had been fortunate enough to win classics here in France, in England, and Ireland.

The big names

"Old Man" Dick Carver, who trained my first Epsom Derby winner, My Love, and whose pre-Derby "instructions" I could still recall so vividly... Alec Head, with whom I was associated in Lavandier's fairy-tale Derby... Sad, philosophical Russian emigre Joseph Glinzbourg... Jockeys like Freddy Palmer, who didn't help to stop the lump which kept rising in my throat by getting up and saying things which made me wonder: what the hell am I retiring for? (as if I didn't know)... Nine times French champion Roger Poincelot... Jockey "Tarzan" Doyasere.

The reflections

I felt like an oarsman without a boat, a bird without wings, a jockey without a horse.

Somebody carried the silver tray, somebody else the model of a horse made of swansdown. We left the glittering

chandeliers at the Pre Catelan and drove—some of us—into Paris to a "bolle."

In the dim, smoky atmosphere we talked—and talked—of course. And it was like so many Paris evenings except that while Alec Head, Count Roland de Chambure (on one of whose father's horses I nearly "went" at Epsom), Frank Vogel, who stood by me so faithfully in the lean years, Peter O'Sullivan, who had chronicled so many of my successes, defended the failures, talked... I suddenly realised that we were discussing horses on whom I would never ride again. It was a lonely thought.

Then somebody—I will not attach the blame—reached for the brandy bottle, leaned across the table, and said: "Rae, you should write a book, because you tell the truth."

AND NOW...

BACK TO THE START AS A BOY IN AUSTRALIA...

SOMEONE once said that anyone in sport must learn how to take defeat. But it is just as hard to learn how to take victory. I took my defeats all right, but I couldn't hold the success. It went to my head like the whisky I never drank.

Big-shot Johnstone. He doesn't wear a hat, they said, because they're not made big enough for him. With too much money and too much success too soon, I couldn't figure how the game had come to survive this long without me.

• BY • THE • WAY • By Beachcomber

THE gentleman who made himself a reputation for his collection of French water-colours by the best contemporary artists, many of whom did not exist, reminded me of the days when Captain Foulereigh was an art dealer.

He unloaded on to a millionaire some of the more startling work of Puget, Maboul, Salaud, Fichemoy-Lecamp, Taguette, Coquil, Bedline, Sroul, Rubinet de Vidanges, Salim-Lanque, Gaston Ridgale, Lombrie and Hammeton—none of whom exist.

Exclusive interview

INSTEAD of interviewing the first man to ride a camel under water, they should have interviewed the camel. "It was a bit of a change after so much sleeping in the desert," said the

camel. "My rider must be a very thirsty man. I must say I was glad to be on dry sand again when it was all over, and I hope I haven't caught a cold in my hump. If the merchant caravans start this sort of nonsense they can count me out."

The Three Persians

We three read, he said, that the stage in Brussels for ballet hath floor-boards what wobble like saws. We suggest that we have ritten a ballet for our seessaw plank, the dancer hat each end and one in the middle to keep the balance. Not being dancers we will perduce and direct the ballet. Oh but a dancer on a seessaw can sprang much hiar in the hair than one on a stage, and our big wobbling board mite recoverloosene the hart of ballet. Hup down, hup down

GREAT SCOT—IT'S HAIG

(Born 1627)



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I was a gambler. It's a funny thing but very few people realise what that means. O.K., so he's a gambler—likes to have a bet on a horse or something. But it isn't that way. A gambler gets "hooked" as much as a dope addict. Of course, he tells himself, he gambles to get money. But that is a half truth. Did you ever see a real gambler who has run into money—and every gambler has to do that sometime or other—load himself up with securities or gold cigarette cases?

Of course not. Why? Because he needs the money—for gambling. It is a compulsive—destructive as any addiction.

I would gamble on anything... a couple of flies crawling up a window... odd or even numbers on the index number of the next car round the corner, or the notes in your pocket. And on cards.

Jockeys are not allowed to bet in Australia, any more than they are in Europe. How anyone can seriously expect it to work out in practice beats me. If a jockey wants to bet—and most people would be astonished to learn how few do—he will bet. That's for certain.

I betted

I did anyway, and did so the same way as any other jockey who cannot accept the view that bookmakers are a protected race. At the same time I had my own more than usually complicated variation.

At some time or another the owner or trainer or both have to indicate to the jockey what is required of him. Unless plans have been discussed between all three well in advance, instructions are imparted in the paddock.

No jockey wants to bet his "roll" on a horse whom the

trainer states to be insufficiently fit to be pushed out in a race, or on one whose energy is required to be judiciously conserved for another occasion.

So, intentions having been disclosed, the betting jockey will execute a prearranged signal to a friend at the paddockside—change his whip from left to right hand, put his hands behind his back, scratch his ear, etc., to give the "office."

Methods

According to the trainer's confidence in a "goer" I would center down on the stands rails to show I wanted, say, £100 on it, centre for £200, and far side for £300.

If the horse moved to the barrier badly, in my opinion, I might jump down for a second to "show out" that I wanted to cancel instructions if possible. If mine wasn't to be over-exerted that day I'd organise a system of indicating whom I wanted to be "on."

All strictly improper "according to the rules of racing, I know, constituting an offence which could have abruptly ended my career. But I did not—and still do not—regard it dishonest.

In my book the definition of a crooked jockey is quite simple, straightforward. A jockey who is "bent" is one who rides contrary to his instructions—ignoring a directive to win if he can in order to get money from a bookmaker for pulling one up.

This was not my line—not at the moment anyway.

The current Johnstone entourage were not unduly critical about anything their "mool-ticket" might do off the track.

Rides

Why "mool-ticket"? Well I discovered, rather late in the game for the benefit of my health, that a "friend" of the guy to whom I "showed out" whether I was "off" or not, would proceed to a bookmaker as soon as he learned that my horse was not required and impart his valuable news for a consideration.

Johnstone rides which were being given a fairly easy race—and I may say that they didn't all lose by any means, because horses who are allowed to proceed at their leisure have a disconcerting way of getting into top gear near the point that trainers were taking a long walk in the market.

Not only that. Apparently when I was riding a particularly hot favourite about whose prospects I had expressed some misgivings over the card table the night before, the "con" manager, regardless of the fact that I was doing my best—would let it be known that my horse wasn't "going." So if I got beat connectors would soon learn on the bush telegraph service that Johnstone had applied the brakes.

THE RAE JOHNSTONE STORY is to be published this year by Stanley Paul and Co. Ltd.



SURE,
GAMBLING
WAS
LIKE DOPE TO ME...

DRAWING
BY ROBB

The winners kept coming along. There were days when I was "loaded," others when I couldn't have got into the track without the free pass an apprentice licence gave me. I gathered I wasn't everybody's favourite. But I was not quite 17 and if there were owners and trainers without full confidence in me... what the hell?

Maybe, but I'm not sure. I certainly wasn't sure enough of the time when riding suitably named Gambler's Gold (by the imported sire Powhatan) a 3-1 favourite, I challenged between Perfume and Eastern Joe just over a furlong out, then rolled a little towards one and back toward the other.

No chance

I know now that a gambler hasn't a chance. Equally that a better, who appreciates and utilises his one big advantage over the bookmaker, may beat the game. For while the bookmaker has to bet in every race, the punter can select his opportunities. Unfortunately, very few backers can exercise the restraint to utilise their advantage. Wherefore the timeless truth of old-time "Aussie" bookmaker Jim Hackett's observation: "The lighter you bet the longer you'll last."

I know now... but I doubt whether, had I known then, it would have made any difference. A gambler plays on—a gold prospector in a tin mine. With all the advantages I could have wished for, I gambled my way into trouble, deeper and deeper.

Jack Phoenix, my "master," made me concentrate on time, time, time, in work-outs. So that, working on the tan, cinders, or grass, I got to know near enough to within a second how long my horse had taken to cover each furlong.

As all gallops were reported in the papers according to the clock, there were also occasions when one was instructed to keep a little time in hand, as it were, and then assess the extra speed available.

I got more and more confident. But as a gambler will know, the "one" that really matters just never seems to win.

I had increased my stakes at this time although fees and presents were still banked in an account over which I had no authority without the signature of Jack Phoenix. Gambling distorts judgment and incites a rider to take often needless and desperate chances. Maybe I would have won the first

Trimacore "was only 7-1 on the totalisator owing to the filly's rider having such a strong public following," reported a newspaper. Meanwhile, the stewards had called me in for another few words about the previous race, with the result that the same edition of the paper carried the news—"the stewards were of the opinion W. Johnstone could have kept Gambler's Gold 'straighter and suspended him for two months."

The cheque

I hadn't been back all that long—and by now I was nearly 19 and the money shortage was acute—when the stewards made their annual bank account inspection to ensure that trainers were looking after their apprentices.

My compulsory savings at this time should have looked very healthy. They amounted to precisely—nothing. I hadn't forged the cheques. I had just arranged for the bank to cash them with one signature instead of two. The manager was a pal of mine. But I was banished—fornidden to ride within 100 miles of Sydney. "Expelled for spending his own money," yipped the papers.

One of the chief country stewards wrote to the Australian Jockey Club recommending me for a permit to return. That letter got me reinstated. Back in Sydney, luck—and who doesn't need it?—was with me. I climbed up on four winners the first day. The run continued. It seemed too good to be true. It was.

NEXT WEEK:

How I 'fixed' a race...

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GET UP AT EIGHT IN THE MORNING — GO TO BED AT 9.30 P.M. — FEW PARTIES AND DANCES

Would You Do All These For Fame?

Asks MARY HAMPSON

For you, most likely, tennis is just a game, to be played in odd moments on odd courts — for fun. But at Wimbledon nobody pretends that tennis is a game. It is played passionately and determinedly — to win.

Tennis has a way of high-lighting personalities. Take Christine Truman, the 17-year-old British girl who has caught her country's imagination like no other sportswoman for years.

She's the real-life heroine of a schoolgirl's adventure book, with every little incident step-by-step and dramatised. The "honour of the form" and all that is manifested to take in the honour of her country.

When you meet Christine, the illusion is not destroyed. She is a schoolgirl—tall, unaffected, and completely unspoiled by success. For her, tennis is a way of life.

Because of tennis, parties and dances are rare—there's not much time for a private life when you get up at 8 o'clock in the morning and go to bed at 9.30 p.m., to be ready to play tennis next day. Would you do all that for fame?

She doesn't appear to know what temperament is. Perhaps that is because a girl who is part of an ordinary, happy family isn't given much scope for prima donna tactics. Perhaps it's just because she is Christine Truman, who wouldn't see the sense of it anyway.

On the court she plays tennis to win. Off court she never plays in any gallery.

Perfect Answer

She's the perfect answer to all the teenage critics who complain that the modern teenager won't work, won't concentrate, won't take advice and never listens.

In the past 12 months, Christine has refused all these arguments. She has practised every day, taken weight-lifting lessons to give her extra flexibility and strength.

"It has made a great difference to my game," I think, Christine said, with the engaging diffidence which always farms out the credit.

She is glad and grateful for advice and always willing to

acknowledge it. She hates "pushing" and "pulling" which tries to pin-point her off the court.

"She's a darling," said Teddy Tinkler, who has made all her tennis outfits since she began to play. "She's everybody's sweetheart, and rightly so, too. She's absolutely charming."

Mascot Outfit

"Like all kids, she has a sort of mascot outfit, and that's typical of her. She gives all the credit to the dress, because she always thinks she's lucky if she wins."

"But it can be a bit tricky. All her clothes have to be made in terylene, so they can be washed and ironed in a couple of hours ready for her to wear again. It gives her mother a lot of work."

Just watching Christine sign autographs is a revelation. She manages to convey the impression that she can't think why anyone should want her autograph. But if they do, it's very nice of them.

She is sweet and shy and completely unaggressive. It is only on the court that this illusion is destroyed. There is nothing sweet and unaggressive about her game.

"She's typically British. That's what I like about her," said a forceful woman in the stands. "She's controlled and un-dramatic, and she's not scared by the odds."

Another Lenglen?

Christine's cool serenity off the courts is offset by that other teenager, who, according to the experts, is nearer to Suzanne Lenglen in style and personality than anyone Wimbledon has seen for years.

She is Maria Esther Bueno, the 18-year-old Brazilian with the lithe, lovely walk of a cat and eyes which don't recognise defeat. There is nothing unattractive about her, and she is a name you say together, like Mary Ann.

Maria Esther fought to get into tennis, and she will certainly fight to get to the top. "I wanted to come to Wimbledon last year," she told me, "but my father said I should wait until I had taken my teaching degree."

"You need only eight months to complete the course," he said. "Eight months to study, and the rest of your life to play." At the time I was disappointed, but now I think he was right.

Even when she was studying hard, Maria Esther still played championship tennis. "I used to go to school at seven, work until six, have a meal, rest, practice, go to bed at 11 and get up at three in the morning to study."

Tireless and Tough

"It was hard, but I got over it in about a fortnight after the exams. I graduated, AND I played tennis, which is what I cared about."

That "and" is typical of Maria Esther. She's as tireless and tough as a robot, with a dangerously quick mind. She speaks four languages fluently and has no faith in luck.

"I want to see everything, go everywhere," she said, and there was an unspoken addition to that sentence: "And win everything."

Because of teenagers like Christine Truman and Maria Esther Bueno alone, Wimbledon is worth watching. And it's not only tennis one sees, but life lived out in a game.

Local Soccer Review

A HECTIC BUT COMMONPLACE SEASON

Standard Lowest In Several Years

SOUTH CHINA ENJOYS CLEAR SUPERIORITY

By I. M. MACTAVISH

It is quite an effort to kindle very much enthusiasm for soccer topics in this hot humid weather and that's easy to understand when one remembers that our current season has stretched from early September until now.

That's a lot of soccer by any standards and I know that many of our players are glad that it's all over at last. Some of the Army players for example have had so much football in recent weeks that they looked almost relieved when they were narrowly beaten by South China in the semi-final of the Stanley Shield and were thus relieved of the necessity of playing another game.

It has been a rather hectic year, at the same time, a commonplace season. The general standard of play has been the lowest in several years and the most important cause of this has surely been the overwhelming superiority of South China.

Another contributing cause has been the disappointing form of KMB when faced with the big occasion. And of course the total failure of Kitchee to produce the form to match the names on their team-sheet.

Except for the performance of these three teams, the season, in a domestic sense, has been hollow and empty. South China collected every honour there was to win and quite frankly they won some of them so easily the trophies must blush as they stood on the Caroline Hill side-board.

A Kingpin

It is a good thing to have a kingpin in any competition. It gives the others something to aim at and in Britain today every league side dreams of the day it will beat Manchester United or Arsenal or Rangers in an important game.

In Hongkong however, the situation is getting out of hand. With their unlimited facilities South China enjoy an important fundamental advantage, but in addition their officials have disclosed a shrewdness and discipline which no other club seems able to equal.

Long-term planning is essential to the continued progress of any football team yet it seems that of the powerful Chinese sides, only South China tackle the problem seriously enough. Their record down through the years shows very clearly the quiet wisdom of their policy.

The two Services in the First Division have been a disappointment. They have had their worst season in years. They finished up in the most inglorious fashion at the bottom of the league table and their future is now far from rosy. The sad thing about this tragedy is that the team lost many vital points at the beginning of the season which they should have won.

Lack Guidance

They had the talent but their newcomers lacked enlightened guidance as far as local conditions were concerned and, as defeat followed defeat, the vital spirit—so much a part of the service play in the previous season—diminished and died. The change was most marked and it was almost impossible to reconcile some of the key players as the same men who had done so well in the brilliant crowd-pleasing side of a few months earlier.

Young Service players who come to Hongkong generally do so with a ready disinterested appreciation of their own worth in relation to the Chinese players and, unless they can be well advised and conditioned for what is ahead of them, they meet exactly the sort of painful death the almanac has suffered this season.

The RAF had a fair ration of talent and, while it is true that the available strength fluctuated from time to time, they should

have been capable of finishing in a much better position than they did.

The Army had a particularly in-and-out season. They started in the most promising style by bagging a harvest of goals in their first game but soon their unprofitable defensive plan told its own story and the goal harvest began to pile up at the wrong end.

At one time in the season they were seriously involved in relegation worries and only a good run just after the New Year saved them and they finally finished in a safe position. The worst defensive leaks were eventually plugged by the industrious play of Mendum and Poole and by the arrival on the scene of "Ginger" Woodcock, but the continued inability of the forwards to get goals persisted right to the end of the season and in the closing games against Club and Jardine's it looked as though they would never score.

In spite of this the soldiers made a great contribution to the season's football. They shipped the bulk of all non-Chinese players for a wide variety of Colony and community representative games; they gave freely of their services for charity; and it would have been a very dull season indeed without some of the personalities they produced.

Worst Refereeing

I shall always maintain they should have beaten South China twice during the season. They were shocked, shattered, and staggered by what I regard as the worst succession of refereeing decisions I have ever seen when they went down to three goals to two at Caroline Hill at a vital stage of the league competition.

I believe now, as I believed at the time, that the decisions which gave South China their second and third goals were grave errors of judgment by the referee and cost the Army much more than the loss of two points. They cost them their confidence.

The soldiers' new-found team spirit was blasted to bits and I believe that if they had won that day they would have gone on to a run of imposing successes.

Later when they were again edged out by a solitary goal in the Stanley Shield, in what will always be recalled as McNeil's Day, they were desperately unlucky to lose. It is true South China enjoyed the greater share of the play but there was for once a threat in every Army side that came very close to carrying them to victory and even when they looked certain to force a draw it was a fleeting—but unpardonable—indiscretion by left-back Lamb that cost his side the game.

That was really the end of the Army as a top line attraction and they had to fight very hard indeed to ensure their continuance in the First Division.

Another bitter disappointment this season was the star-studded Sing Tao side to produce even a semblance of their 'Jets' form of a couple of years ago.

The team was ripped from stem to stern by conflicting

conceptions of how the game should be played. This was apparent in game after game and it was not difficult to see that the ambitious combination of mature and immature players did not produce a point-winning blend. There were too many bosses in the side and even as recently as last Sunday there was adequate evidence of this in the Stanley Shield game against Eastern when the Tigers made as inglorious an exit as any side in the competition.

For Great Efforts

For the really great efforts this season we have to go to the Second Division where the Royal Navy and the RAF team from Sai Wan both turned in magnificent efforts. The sailors' success deserves boundless praise. They had to cope with difficulties in team building and selection that must have turned many officials' hairs to silvery grey yet they rose above the lot and put up some really grand displays.

The Navy proved to all and sundry that "relegation is not condemnation. Neither is the end of a football existence a challenge to determination... and, although they were deservedly beaten in the final championship play-off with the RAF, Sai Wan, we can proudly boast "The Navy's Hero."

Hall, too, to the Championship ship winning almanac from Sai Wan. How this small organisation managed to maintain its form throughout the season is a mystery only to those who have not watched them play. I have enjoyed that pleasure on several occasions, and I do mean enjoyed, for the boys in light blue always tried to play good constructive football and, with that essential touch of frilly craft in the inside forward positions, it led to success.

These two service sides have done a great job. They thoroughly deserve the honours they have won.

Stars

This week's meeting of the Council of the HKFA certainly produced one or two discussion points. Everyone who has the genuine welfare of Colony football at heart must have been shocked by the announcement that Jardine's were severing their connection with the FA although there have been rumours about this for some time.

It would be presumptuous of anyone to add to the reasons given by Jardine's representative but I know that many people feel that the club's resignation is the culmination of present day trials and tribulations in trying to compete on equal terms with those highly commercialised organisations running First Division teams.

I understand that Jardine's decision is final and that they will definitely not be playing in competitive soccer next season. It is a courageous move. It displays an honesty of conscience that deserves nothing but praise.

A lively point of issue at the Council meeting was the question of whether or not it would be a good thing to increase the number of teams in the First Division to seventeen.



"I managed to get Gerald to mow the lawn on condition I let him know immediately anything exciting happened..."
London Express Service

World's Best Soccer XI

By DAVID JACK

Back from the World Cup, I've been asked to nominate a World XI from all the great players I saw out there. I accept the challenge. Here's my team to lick the world:

Gregg (N. Ireland); De Sordi (Brazil); Santos (Brazil); Liedholm (Sweden); Wright (England); Tsarev (Russia); Garincha (Brazil); Fontaine (France); Kopas (Wales); and Skoglund (Sweden).

The proposal never really had the remotest chance of success and the fact that it did a rather argumentative death merely confirmed that opinion. However, during the discussion on the subject one vital important point did come to light.

Correct Perspective

To get it in correct perspective it is necessary to look at the constitution of the Council of the HKFA. Councillors of the FA hold their positions solely as REPRESENTATIVES of clubs, groups, or affiliated bodies. They simply do not exist as individuals and therefore everything they do or say is surely heard and debated in council under the implication that it REPRESENTS the views of the club or organisation concerned.

Clubs and organisations do not, of course, choose blindly and generally their representative is nominated because the sponsoring body feel he is a man capable of using good judgment on a particular issue affecting their affairs.

But, as I understand the articles of the FA, individualism starts and stops there. It is irreconcilable that a vital point of principle—such as the proposal to extend the First Division to seventeen clubs—can be put forward by two individual councillors, almost as a private bill, and later the same men openly state that their respective clubs had no say in making such a far-reaching proposal. That simply doesn't make administrative sense... or alternatively, if it does, it opens up some very interesting possibilities.

Stars

...and finally a little tall piece.

The English Association of Football Referees and Lineemen held its Annual General Meeting at Weston-Super-Mare on June 21. In his address to the meeting Mr Alan Hardaker, the Secretary of the Football League said "We are very concerned about the lineamen who want to be boys. His job is to help the man in the middle and we take a dim view of the lineamen who let the referee down."

Don't we all....?

SPORTS QUIZ

1. The man who captained England during the "Bodyline Tests" against Australia recently died at the age of 57. Name please.
2. What British and American teams have been captained this year by Mrs Mary Holford and Mrs Margaret du Pont respectively?
3. Who was the oldest world heavyweight boxing champion?
4. What sport would you see at Monza and Indianapolis?
5. With which athletic events do you associate (a) Robert Gutowski, (b) Nina Ponomareva, (c) Cheng Feng-yung?
6. Who holds the Olympic record for (a) 1,500 metres, (b) high-jump (c) long-jump?
7. Who was the last American to win the British Open Golf Championship?
8. The MV team recently set up a record at the Isle of Man. What is the MV team?
9. For which countries did these footballers play in the 1958 World Cup (a) Nilton Santos, (b) Igor Netto?
10. What's the name: "Born 1941... initials C.T.... left school at 16 to concentrate on tennis... been a Wimbledon semi-finalist... has beaten Althea Gibson?"

(Answers on Page 19)

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Drama On The Centre Court

The Mystery Of The Two Helens

By DENNIS HART

It was devastating tennis. Winning shots slammed irresistibly across the Centre Court. Eight games were won in seven minutes.

And Helen Wills won her eighth Wimbledon women's singles title to set up a record that no one expects to be broken.

But the crowd watched in stilled silence. The final winning shot was greeted with only polite applause.

For on the receiving end of that tennis blitz was Helen Jacobs, a popular player, a gallant player, and now a lame player.

With the score standing at 4-4 in a tense first set and a thrilling struggle in prospect, Miss Jacobs raced to the net to make a desperate return. She stopped dead, her face contorted with pain.

She had twisted an ankle which she had hurt the day before. The crowd was stunned with sympathy and disappointment.

Dearly Wanted

Helen Jacobs had already been beaten in three Wimbledon finals by Miss Wills. She had won the title in 1936 when Miss Wills did not compete but she dearly wanted to beat her great rival for the title.

At the start of this 1938 Wimbledon she seemed to have no chance. She had badly strained her shoulder and the authorities thought so little of her chances that she was not seeded.

Helen Jacobs' reply was to establish a record in becoming the only unseeded player to reach a Wimbledon final without dropping a set. On the way she beat three seeded players including the great Alice Marble.

No wonder that after that first silence the crowd murmured sympathetically, and it was some minutes before the noise died down and play could continue.

Stood Aloof

Throughout this, Helen Wills stood aloof at the far end of court until play could resume. Then she unleashed that string of blazing drives against an almost immobile opponent to win 6-4, 6-0.

So the curtain was rung down on the last act of the most mysterious Wimbledon drama of all—the rivalry of the "Two Helens."

The two players who had dominated women's tennis for ten years and whose rivalry was the talk of the tennis world, would never clash again.

They had met nine times. On eight of these victories went to Helen Wills. The only time Helen Jacobs won was in the

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Douglas Jardine.
2. Wingham Cup teams.
3. Jersey Joe Walcott. He won the title at 37.
4. Motor-racing.
5. (a) pole-vault, (b) discus, (c) high-jump.
6. (a) Ron Delany, (b) Charles Dumas, (c) Jesse Owens.
7. Ben Hogan.
8. An Italian works motorcycle team.
9. (a) Brazil, (b) Russia.
10. Christine Truman.

TO 'CUT AND SHOOT' HARRIS IS ALREADY NEXT WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

Cut and Shoot, a community of a few hundred inhabitants just below Houston, Texas, boasts a petrol station, two churches—and the next heavyweight champion of the world.

For one of those few hundred inhabitants is Roy Harris, due to fight world heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson on August 18.

Whether or not Harris, a 23-year-old 2nd-Lieutenant in the Army reserve, does in fact beat Patterson is a matter of speculation—except for the worthy citizens of Cut and Shoot.

A sign on the edge of the

town proclaims: "Home of the future heavyweight champion of the world."

Harris combines fighting and army service with teaching. As a fighter he has won all his 22 bouts and chalked up wins over Willie Pastrano and Bob Baker.

He is trained by his father Henry, a former bare-knuckle performer, and spars with brothers Tobe and Henry.

Histories Of The Clubs

STARTED AS A CRICKET TEAM—But Became One Of Soccer's Greatest Sides

By TIM GORDON

In recent seasons, the Preston North End side has been one of the biggest attractions in top-class soccer, if only for the performances of the incredible Tom Finney—perhaps the most complete footballer of our time.

Like so many other famous clubs, Preston sprang from a religious organisation. It was originally formed to play cricket.

The cricket club was born in 1883, but in 1887 there was a split in the membership. One section of the club continued to play cricket on its old ground. The other moved to the north part of Preston and, halfway through 1887 changed its name to North End.

In 1875 the North End cricketers leased a field at Deepdale (which has been the Preston soccer club's home ever since) and two years later, it was decided to form a rugby section to keep the members together during the winter months.

Preston Grasshoppers, the famous Rugby Union team, had too great a hold in the area for that experiment to succeed, so during the season 1890-91 North End switched to the Association code.

Lost 16-0

The cricketers-turned-soccer players could hardly have been expected to perform wonders at first—nor did they. They lost their first game 16-0, to Blackburn Rovers. But it was not long before the name North End was beginning to mean something in soccer circles.

In the early 1890's the Preston team imported a famous Scottish player, Jack Belger, and actually PAID for his services. The move caused a sensation, but many other teams copied Preston and paid their players. Eventually, there was a showdown with the FA which led to the adoption of professional football in soccer.

In December 1893, Preston played in the FA Cup competition for the first time. It was the start of the "Old Invincibles" era—the days when Preston teams swept all before them.

As a result of its prowess, Preston was one of the clubs which received, in March 1898, Mr W. McGregor's letter suggesting the formation of the Football League.

Double Champions

Preston backed the proposal and became one of the League's original 12 members. North End finished top of the League the first year of its formation, winning every match it played and dropping only four points out of 54. That same season, Preston won the Cup without conceding a single goal.

What a record! North End took its first nose-dive into Division Two in 1901, but was promoted three years later.

Down it went again in 1912, but the signing of Alf Common helped the team back the very next season.

In 1923, the Preston eleven was relegated once more but climbed back in 1934 to spend an unbroken nine years in the top class.

In 1922, North End had reached the final of the FA Cup but lost to Huddersfield by a hotly disputed penalty goal. History repeated itself with a strange twist when, in the 1938 Final, it was Huddersfield's turn to lose to Preston by a disputed penalty in the last minute of extra time.

Two Years In Final

The 1930's '40's and '50's have been full of excitement for Preston. After losing 3-1 to Sunderland in the 1937 Cup Final, a side which included the O'Donnell brothers, Willie Shankly and Beattie they fought back to Wembley the following year to make the trophy its own.

In the 1940's there emerged from Preston itself a frail player who was destined to win a place with the greatest footballers of all time.

His name, of course, is Tom Finney—the Preston lad who, in his boyhood had watched and vowed to emulate the fabulous Alex James—whom Preston brought to England, then transferred to Arsenal.

Tom, a natural left-footer, wanted to be an inside-left like James.

The late Mr James Taylor, who was the driving force at Deepdale for 40 years, had other ideas. He turned Finney into an outside-right.

In 1953, the club reached its highest position in the League for 40 years. Only a better goal average gave mighty Arsenal the championship.

Again At Wembley

The following year, the Preston boys won their way to the Cup Final again—only to lose 3-2 to West Bromwich in the closing minutes of the game.

In the 1957 season, many people thought Preston might slip back again into the second division. "They're an aging side" said the know-alls. But Preston confounded them all.

In his 25th year, the fantastic Finney was switched from right-wing to centre-forward and, after losing his first three matches, the club climbed the table, fast—even chasing Manchester United for the championship at one stage of the season.

North End finished the season it had started so badly with 55 points, the same number as runners-up Spurs, who had a better goal average.

Small wonder that in Lancashire now, they talk about the "NEW Invincibles!"

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